

THE  
SATURDAY REVIEW  
OF  
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 11, Vol. 1.

January 12, 1856.

PRICE 5d.  
Stamped 6d.

MR. COBDEN ON THE WAR.

MR. COBDEN is one of the few successful orators who can write as well as they speak. His new pamphlet is lucid, conciliatory in tone, and persuasive in manner; but the practical inference to which his assertions are likely to lead is remote from the object which he has proposed to himself. Statements which illustrate the military resources of Russia are, in the present temper of the English nation, more calculated to stimulate preparations for war than to dispose public opinion in favour of a peace dictated by fear of the enemy. It is due, however, to the writer to admit that he appeals to the reason of his readers, and that, throughout a pamphlet of fifty pages, there is not a sentence which any party or individual has a right to consider offensive. It would be unreasonable for those who differ from Mr. COBDEN to reply by personal attacks to a temperate statement of his opinions; but the *argumentum ad hominem* is not necessarily used in a taunting spirit. The most friendly controversy admits of appeals to the authority of an antagonist; and the great opponent of the Corn Laws must expect to be quoted against himself when he finds, in erroneous systems of political economy, elements of national strength.

Mr. COBDEN explains, at considerable length, the effect which the commercial policy of NICHOLAS has produced on the defensive position of the Russian Empire. The restrictive tariff of thirty years ago has, in reference to the coarser textile fabrics, become prohibitory, owing to the improvements which have lowered the cost of production; for a scale of duties regulated solely by weight and measure has relatively risen as the natural price of the commodities on which it was levied declined. The late EMPEROR willingly abstained from interference with the operation of causes which seconded his own desire to encourage native manufactures, and to stimulate the overland trade to the East; and, as a natural consequence, the circulation of wealth was diverted from the extremities of the Empire on the Baltic and Black Sea, to the less assailable provinces of the interior. Mr. COBDEN, while he protests against any project for bombarding Odessa, considers nevertheless that Russia is the less vulnerable because she has only one Odessa exposed to attack. He shows, with considerable force, that the loss inflicted on an enemy by blockade must be proportionate to the trade which is stopped, and to the revenue which that trade produces; and as the Government of St. Petersburg has practically discouraged foreign commerce, the sacrifices voluntarily made to a false theory during peace cannot now be incurred to any serious extent.

It is perfectly true that a non-commercial country is comparatively exempt from the danger of losing its foreign trade. *Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator.* It was never supposed, however, by any reasonable politician, that a mere blockade of the ports would reduce the enemy to submission. Both in the Baltic and, up to a recent period, in the Black Sea, it was necessary for us to maintain a strong maritime force to watch the Russian fleet. England at least has a commerce worth protecting; and there were not wanting alarmists who, in the spring of 1854, anticipated the most serious dangers to our own merchant ships, in the event of the enemy's cruisers being allowed to reach the open sea. It will hardly be contended that, in default of a hostile fleet to attack, the allied squadrons ought to have abstained from blockading the Russian ports; and there can be no doubt that the Government of St. Petersburg has felt severely the abstraction of a revenue which would form but an insignificant portion of the Customs' returns of England. To a certain extent, and in a certain sense, a poor country is less vulnerable than one which has attained a higher state of civilization; but the balance of advantage, even for warlike purposes, is assuredly on the side of wealth.

At the beginning of his essay, Mr. COBDEN dilates on the obstacles which the uninhabited steppes of Southern Russia oppose to the arms of an invader; and in the concluding portion, he points out, with equal truth and greater originality, the vast defensive strength which manufacturing England could exert in case of need. As he justly remarks, the populous towns of the Low Countries were formidable in the wars of the Middle Ages, for reasons which would in some degree be applicable to Lancashire and Yorkshire in the present day. In both cases, it is his object to prove that the country of which he is for the moment speaking is powerless for offensive warfare, and unassailable at home. It seems strange that the military position of England should so closely resemble that of Russia; but arguments may always be found to justify foregone conclusions.

It is easy to assert that Russia loses little by the occupation of her ports and coasts, and by menaces directed only against her frontier provinces; but this has certainly not been the opinion of her rulers. Objects which have cost vast sums, bloody wars, and elaborate diplomatic intrigues, must be supposed to possess some value when a contest arises for their possession. It is rather for Russia than for the Allies to ask, "What next?" Mr. COBDEN is perfectly right in his denunciation of a policy which would allow the CZAR to secure in Asia an equivalent for the losses which he may be forced to sustain in Europe; but the question is, not between imbecility and vigour, but between peace and a war conducted in such a manner as to inflict the greatest injury on our opponent. There can be little doubt that it is possible to wrest from Russia her Transcaucasian provinces. It is scarcely worth while, however, to discuss with Mr. COBDEN the mode in which hostilities ought to be conducted; for he really objects, not to any strategic mistakes which may have been committed, but to the policy of attacking an adversary whose position he deems impregnable.

It will be seen that the justice of the war is altogether put out of the question by Mr. COBDEN. We may concede to him that a hopeless struggle with Russia would be undesirable, even if the Emperor NICHOLAS had seized all the English merchantmen in his ports, or shot Sir HAMILTON SEYMOUR by court-martial; and it may be assumed, therefore, for the purpose of argument, that the declaration of war was legitimate, even supposing the continuance of the contest to be inexpedient. Mr. COBDEN expatiates, not for the first time, on the failure of NAPOLEON—he remembers with enthusiasm the picturesque and prosperous appearance of Moscow—he enumerates the millions of horses disposable by the CZAR for military transit, and eulogizes the religious and patriotic fervour of the nation. Yet, even if all his premises were granted, it would by no means follow that England and France ought to abandon the struggle in which they are engaged. The advocates of the war are as deeply impressed as Mr. COBDEN himself with the formidable strength of their adversary; but his distinction between defensive and offensive power is in a great degree illusory. It is because Russia has felt herself comparatively secure from invasion that she has been able so long to pursue a policy of successful aggression. NAPOLEON had scarcely commenced his retreat from Moscow, when ALEXANDER determined to extend his frontier into the heart of Germany by assuming the Crown of Poland—the failure of the great enterprise of the French EMPEROR having encouraged the CZAR to believe that he might threaten the independence of Europe with impunity. The Western Powers fully appreciated the difficulty of a task which, if it had been easy, need never have been undertaken; but they have already found their adversary vulnerable, although strenuous efforts were necessary for the infliction of a wound. Their present demands amount, in substance, to the proposal that, retaining her defensive frontier, Russia shall renounce certain facilities which she has hitherto possessed for attack.

The thoroughgoing advocates of peace formerly ridiculed the expectation that any concession could be obtained; and even now they scarcely make sufficient allowance for the altered circumstances which have arisen.

It seems to be in vain to urge on English patriots the inconveniences which may ensue from an unreserved exposure of our own deficiencies. When we are, perhaps, on the eve of negotiation, a declaration that the success of the Allied arms is hopeless will scarcely furnish our enemies with an argument in favour of peace; but Mr. COBDEN and the *Times* are privileged to depreciate all that we have done, and all that we are able to do. Even the politicians of St. Petersburg will be puzzled by the discovery of our great economist, that, as the military strength of Russia has been increased by her protective system, so the war will cause additional distress in England because the usury laws have been repealed, and the administration of relief to the poor reformed; for Mr. COBDEN actually asserts that the rate of commercial discount was kept down beneficially by restrictive laws, and that, during the last war, the labourer was prevented from starving by a parochial allowance in aid of his wages. Any stone, according to the proverb, is good enough to throw at a dog; and it seems that any argument is sound if it tells against England. Our sources of wealth or of weakness, our wisdom and our folly, are alike impediments to the successful conduct of the war. Restrictions on commerce, and laws devised for the discouragement of the working man's industry and independence, would, we are given to understand, have facilitated our triumph in the present struggle. In other words, sound economical legislation appears to be beneficial only in times of peace and prosperity. The roof which we have placed over our heads is admirably effective, except when it happens to rain.

It is but a waste of an able man's time to recommend England and France to withdraw from the contest on the ground that they are virtually beaten. Notwithstanding Mr. COBDEN's hasty assumptions to the contrary, men, as well as means, are scarcer in Russia than in the thickly-inhabited countries of Western Europe. The comparison of English with Continental armies is in this respect utterly fallacious. No other country than our own could enrol so many volunteers—no other country could spare, with so little injury to trade and agriculture, a considerable number of soldiers. The well-known fact that the seizure of a recruit for the army is felt in Russia as a heavy pecuniary tax, ought to have satisfied an acute economical reasoner that a commodity cannot be cheapest where it is most scarce. It is in the richest countries that there is always the sharpest struggle for the means of living; and the bounty which is offered for a volunteer soldier in France would bring a mob of candidates round any recruiting sergeant in England.

After the conclusion of a peace, Mr. COBDEN proposes, with singular simplicity, that all European Powers shall concur in reducing their naval armaments to the standard of the United States. In other words, Russia with 800,000 soldiers, and France with 500,000, are to agree that England, maintaining only 120,000, shall cease to exist as a maritime Power. If this admirable arrangement had been effected in 1852, there would certainly have been neither a siege of Sebastopol nor even a declaration of war. Russia might have overrun Turkey at her leisure, without fear of any intrusive armament from the West. Yet it might be worth while to calculate the expenditure for naval purposes which the House of Commons would have thought it necessary to vote, if the Minister had reported that Constantinople was occupied by a Russian garrison, and that the maritime force of England consisted of a score of frigates and brigs.

#### THE DULNESS OF FACTS.

FOR ourselves, we must own that we make some allowance for those sportive brilliancies in our leading journals—especially in the *Leading Journal*—which are just now getting the purveyors of journalism into trouble. Our unwilling conviction is, that matter-of-fact is a terribly dull affair. Nothing so stupid as simple truth. Even the most stirring events are prosaic in narration. History of the trustworthy kind only consists in annals; and annalists are proverbially prosy. Few temptations in common life are stronger than that which prompts even honest men to season and embellish an anecdote; and hence it is that, in every-day language, a teller of stories is a story-teller. The ambiguity of the word "legend" suggests that, for history to

be readable, it must be slightly untrue. It is undeniable that the earlier pages of Roman history are a good deal more interesting than the drowsy narrative of CÆSAR's campaigns written by himself; and Mr. MACAULAY is not so soporific as the *Annual Register*. It is, then, as we have more than once acknowledged, very hard that the THUCYDIDES of the hour—especially if, as he says, his aim is only to be "interesting"—should not occasionally fall back on the ballad form of literature. It is so much pleasanter and so much easier reading, as well as easier writing. We speak, perhaps, from a little experience; but only let any sensible person conceive what it is to write, say three hundred articles a year, and all on one subject. Yet this is the task, and this the life, of an able journalist. Let us make allowances which General CODRINGTON is callously indisposed to accept. Day after day, appears the one hideous and monotonous shape. Sleeping or waking, the journalist sees only the same dull, stony, impassive spectre of War. "We" wrote about the war yesterday—we are writing about the war to-day—we are going to write about the war to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow. *Apparent diræ facies*—still it is the one Bellona. In traversing the Great Desert, a single blade of grass becomes magnified, by the eye of fancy and hope, into a forest; and a dew-drop suggests a lake. Anything for a change—anything to break the blank overpowering waste and sameness. Emmets become armies; and clouds are very like whales.

This we say by way of accounting philosophically for what the world is pleased to call untruthfulness in the writers of the daily press. The world does not know the temptations of the craft. Nobody is so galled and chafed by the stern and shackling necessities of truth as the very clever writer who really has nothing to say. Having exhausted the world of sense, he must, poet-like, create new and wider spheres of being. He soars into space, from the very exhaustion of terrestrial existence. Here is the real defence of journalism, if the world would only receive it; but, unfortunately, the world is not able to comprehend all this. General CODRINGTON is very apathetic on the matter. Society does not sympathize with the necessities of the fluent pen. We ask impossibilities when we daily demand of our instructors matter of fact, as well as a lively play of fancy and a brilliant flow of genius. The public deals hardly with the *Times*, when it requires at the same hands the strictest, the most literal, and the most conscientious handling of details, and all the broad aerial treatment of the great colorists. A writer who wishes to be popular has only to follow the famous receipt for a great painter. He must be one "whose works would be spoiled by an imitation of nature or uniformity of design. He is to mingle bits of the most various or discordant kinds—landscape, history, portraits, animals—and connect them with a great deal of flourishing, by heads and tails, as it shall please his imagination, and contribute to his principal end, which is to glare by showy oppositions of colours, and surprise by contrariety of images." Most deservedly, the *Times* has acquired a reputation for pictures of the sort immortalized by SCRIBLERUS; and the world, absurdly enough, looks for a CLAUDE and a geological map on the same canvas. It wants both a Pindaric ode and a table of statistics; and it requires that the same leading article should combine the two. DICKENS is a very pretty writer, but we do not go to his pages for the sort of information which we receive from the Registrar-General. Unfortunately, however, we do recur to our *Times* for this purpose.

So long as we do this, we shall get into all sorts of difficulties, blunders, unjust judgments, and false estimates of men and things. Here, now, is the war, the state of the army, and the progress of the campaign. Really to understand it, we only want the facts—just the ugly, stupid, dull, prosaic facts. We want the statistics, the returns, the orders of the day, the papers, the books and letters, the despatches, the plans of attack and defence, the orderly books, the correspondence. But this is exactly what the British public has not yet got. Somehow these are the archives which are not open to Special Correspondents, and to the inditers of brilliant leaders. Having, therefore, literally none of the materials of history, it is no wonder that they do not write history—they build up a very pretty Frankenstein, but unluckily it has no skeleton. And, not having all the facts of the case, what facts our instructors do get hold of become valueless, because they are not balanced and reduced into their proper proportions by the corresponding and unknown facts. A register of the clouds affords but poor material



with which to construct the political history of the world. If we come to analyze, and to estimate at their ponderable value, all that we have learned of the army before Sebastopol from the *Times* newspaper, say for the last three months, what does it amount to? What are the bones and sinews of history which have been gathered up? We can remember some striking bits of description; but what is the general impression? What have our memories carried away? Mud has been glorified—we have had descriptions of slush which rival MILTON's account of chaos. MRS. SEACOLE's hut lives in an imperishable immortality of piquancy and small pica. Certain plum-puddings have been accurately drawn, and we know the weight of the Crimean bustards. General SIMPSON's red nightcap has been very faithfully daguerreotyped. "The wretched grey horse" flashes on the British imagination in all the gloomy splendour of the pale horse in the Apocalypse. There is a *vox*, and a very agreeable *vox* to listen to; but what if there is also the *præterea nihil*?

Then there was the great charge of drunkenness. "Our Own Correspondent" saw a good many drunken soldiers. A drunken soldier is a good subject—it invites the artist's hand. If one drunken soldier makes a good TENIERS, a drunken army calls for a MARTIN's powers of exaggeration; and the Crimean sketch must therefore be expanded into a finished picture from the Academy of Printing House Square. Fifty thousand drunken soldiers suggest a tableau vast and awful as the revel rout of Belshazzar. Down comes the daily poet-painter, and dashes off a scene of universal inebriety. Capua and its reeling hosts live again. Whole regiments stumble in helpless sottishness across the scene—Bacchic orgies swim before the staggering sight. Comus rules an obscene herd of human swine. The camp kettles are brimmed with gin and other liquors, every hut becomes a sty, and wallowing herds of unclean sots swirl and sicken before the public. And all this simply because, two or three months ago, while there was really nothing of any importance in the Crimea to tell, a certain amount of letters and leading articles were to be written, and a drunken army was a very tempting subject. To do Mr. RUSSELL justice, he himself did not very much overdo his hasty outline. He photographed the drunkards he met with. He saw the pot and pipe, and painted them. But his employers, thankful for the hint, run off at score. In about a dozen leading articles, they expand, and illustrate, and exaggerate a very commonplace case, until it assumes colossal and threatening proportions—as of old, "a little one has become a thousand." Mr. RUSSELL, honourably conscious that the thing was going too far, reminds his friends "that it would be very unfair to infer that drunkenness was ever excessive, the fact being that a few confirmed drunkards who daily become intoxicated, give a bad reputation to a whole regiment, and this spreads to the whole army." And this very creditable confession, made on the spot, the *Times* actually suppresses. Having committed itself to an unconscious tribute to truth and justice, by printing this passage one day in an edition of very small circulation, the *Times* cancels its own intelligence in its main impression of the following day, in order to avoid a collision with its own article of the same date, violently and coarsely repeating its charge of universal inebriety. That is to say, it having been proved that there were actually no facts at all to justify its wholesale slander of the British army, the *Times* suppresses the evidence which convicts it of a libel. It has borne a grievous and scandalous false testimony; and not only does it not withdraw the charge, but it garbles and falsifies its own documents and stifles its own witness.

But, though the *Times* may, in this convenient fashion, tamper with the letters of its Own Correspondent—though the British army is deprived of that ample vindication in its columns which Mr. RUSSELL tendered to it—the *Times* could not garble the *London Gazette*. It could choke Mr. RUSSELL, but it could not muffle General CODRINGTON. In a formal public despatch, the British Commander-in-Chief has, in addressing the British Government and the British nation, proved the *Times* to be guilty of gross misrepresentation. It is an unusual thing for a General-in-Chief to reply to a series of leading articles; but General CODRINGTON has done this. He has preferred his own honour and the honour of his army to a piece of etiquette. In plain words, he has charged the *Times* newspaper with "evil speaking, lying, and slandering." He has proved from authentic sources that the British army is not a hideous host of sots and drunkards. He shows, from unassailable evidence, that cases of drunkenness are not

one per cent. in the army, and that individual drunkards are in a far smaller ratio. And he proves this in a style and tone which even the *Times* might imitate. He speaks, not with the studied reserve and decorum of official correspondence, but in the racy and idiomatic language of insulted honour. For once, the words of chivalrous indignation burst through the crust of conventional coldness. He retorts on his libellers in language as picturesque as their own. He traces the evil to its cause; and he says, in terse and forcible language, what we have tried to say more at length. He says that the English people are deceived, and the English army libelled, because clever journalists cannot resist the temptation of drawing on their imagination for their facts. He denounces the school of fine writers in the daily press. In one admirable sentence he gibbets a class, and hangs up a patent nuisance to the scorn of England:—"It is easy to give—it is as easy to read—a minute, a ludicrous, or even a filthy description of a drunken man; and it seems seized upon as the type of the whole. The fathers and mothers, the wives and sisters, in England are fully persuaded we do nothing but drink, and the good character of the army is forgotten in a few sketches from nature."

#### A POLITICAL DEAD-LOCK.

THE members of the American Congress have now been assembled more than four weeks at Washington, and yet no public business whatever has been transacted. The technical requisite that the Lower House must organize itself by electing a Speaker before the session commences, has brought the legislative machinery of the United States to an absolute stand-still. Such a dead-lock would, in England, have entailed a series of attacks on the Legislature, spiced with an occasional satire on constitutional government, or with more or less open eulogies of despotism; but the American Press resigns itself to the necessary imperfections of free institutions, and merely laments that, while the fruitless divisions in the House of Representatives are accumulating, both the authors of the postponement and the lookers-on are comfortably receiving their pay. It must not be imagined that there is not sufficient patriotism in Congress to cut the knot of this difficulty, if any pressing matter were waiting for settlement; but the secret of these delays must be sought in that condition of American politics which we have more than once enlarged upon already—in the scarcity of questions of immediate interest, and the terrible nature of the question which lies a little remote. The first great debate of the session will be on the Nebraska Act, and will therefore re-open the whole controversy between the Slave States and the Free. A portion of the Representatives are anxious to defer this discussion at any cost. Another section is unwilling to compromise the course which it may hereafter see fit to take, by assisting to place in the Chair a gentleman of known and pronounced opinions. A powerful party, on the other hand, is determined to hurry on the debate, and is too conscious of its strength to abate anything of its pretension to have a Speaker of its own choosing; but this fraction of the House does not amount to an absolute majority, and cannot therefore overrule the timidity or the distaste of its colleagues.

The gentleman in whose favour the greatest number of suffrages has hitherto been united is described as a Republican Knownothing—that is, he is one of the few Knownothings who are pledged to the cardinal tenet of the Republican party. Calculating roughly, the Lower House may be considered as distributed into Democrats, distinctly committed to the interests of the Slave States—Republicans, as distinctly committed against them—and Knownothings, who for the most part intend to remain neutral as long as possible. It happens, however, that in one or two of the Northern States, in which the Free-soil feeling is unusually strong, the Knownothings found it is impossible to secure their election without giving pledges against Slavery as stringent as those which hold the Republican party together; and this small body of Free-soil Knownothings was evidently best fitted to supply a coalition candidate. Mr. BANKS, one of the number, has accordingly been supported both by the mass of the Knownothings and by the mass of the Republicans, and once or twice the votes recorded in his favour have all but amounted to a majority of the House; but still, in every case, a number of dissentients sufficient to annul the division has declined to join in the policy of the coalesced parties. A few Republicans continue to hold off, from avowed mistrust of the ambiguous tactics of the Knownothings; and a respect-

able muster of Knownothings refuse to act with the Republicans, or in any way to compromise themselves by a premature declaration of hostilities against the South and its institutions. The policy of the persons last alluded to—who are, in fact, numerous enough to put an end at any moment to the abeyance of Congress—may seem at first unintelligible, inasmuch as the inevitable motion to repeal the Nebraska Act must ultimately compel them to range themselves on one side or the other. The truth is, however, that, though the Nebraska Act cannot be prevented from coming on the carpet, the procedure of Congress admits of a nearly infinite series of divisions before a Bill can be passed; so that, in the course of its progress through the Legislature, the feeling of the country on the subject can always be pretty well tested. The dissident Knownothings are unwilling to forego the advantage of guiding themselves by the latest manifestations of popular sentiment; nor do they forget that the prolonged discussion of a measure so incalculably important as the repeal of the Nebraska Act always produces in America a variety of minute shades of compromise, among which they may be glad to have the opportunity of picking and choosing.

The recrudescence of the disputes between the Northern and Southern States is so universally felt to be a source of serious danger, that there would be, we think, but little chance of success at present for the policy of the Republicans, if the unaccountable conduct of the President in reference to the affairs of the Territory of Nebraska had not forced the question of its institutions to a most critical point. The Nebraska Act, it will be remembered, set aside the Compromise of 1821, which had fixed a permanent geographical boundary between Slave and Free soil, and provided that the future citizens of the embryo State should decide for themselves between free labour and negro servitude. No sooner had the Act passed than a number of societies were formed in the Northern States for the purpose of paying the expenses of all persons willing to emigrate to Nebraska, who would pledge themselves to oppose the introduction of slavery. Thousands of Northern citizens, equipped by these societies, flocked at once into the new Territory, and formed before long the majority of its inhabitants. The first Territorial Legislature would undoubtedly have been returned by them, if an unexpected circumstance had not intervened. Missouri, the State adjoining Nebraska, is fanatically attached to slavery, and, on the day of the Nebraska elections, the entire free male population of Missouri proceeded across the border, and insisted on their votes being received at the polls. When the Nebraska Legislature assembled, it was found that the members returned by the intruders were in a majority, and they immediately proceeded to expel the Free-soil representatives *en masse*. This done, a resolution was passed unanimously, expressing the most fervent affection for Slavery, and an unalterable determination to engraft it on the Constitution of Nebraska.

The fundamental code of the Federation contemplates some little difficulty in first organizing the government of the wild regions into which the surplus population of the east country pours, and wisely provides for it by declaring that the Governor of a Territory shall not, like the Governor of a State, be elected by the people, but shall be appointed by the President of the United States. The Governor who was in office in Nebraska when these events occurred, felt naturally the deepest indignation at the irruption of the Missourians, and refused to acknowledge the mock Legislature which they had nominated. But by this time President PIERCE had become committed to the cause of the South, and, when the affair took such dimensions that his intervention was unavoidable, he not only refused to ratify the acts of the Governor of Nebraska, but actually displaced him, appointing in his room a person instructed to co-operate in all things with the invaders from Missouri. This measure, which took even the South by surprise, is defended by the organs of the Government on the ground that the artificial stimulus applied to immigration by the Northern societies was as illegal as the interference of the Missourians. President PIERCE, they argue, had to choose between two sets of persons, of whom neither the one nor the other had any right to be in Nebraska, and he was justified in adhering to the party *de facto* in power. Reasoning, however, which places open violation of the law on the same level with acts which (whether irregular or not) are certainly within its letter, has not been felt to be satisfactory by the persons against whom it militates. The whole anti-slavery

population of Nebraska has taken up arms; the Missourians have come across in large armed bodies to oppose them; and, at the latest advices, the Governor had assembled the few United States' troops within reach, and was anxiously watching the belligerents. However the matter may terminate, it is, in every point of view, a grave scandal, and as such it is regarded by the great majority of Americans. Its most formidable consequence, however, will probably be the necessity under which it places the Congress at Washington of renewing disputes which, by general admission, have more than once brought the Federal Union to the verge of dissolution.

#### THE BOARD OF TRADE AND THE EASTERN COUNTIES RAILWAY.

EVERY now and then, the play-going world is amused by the revival of a comedy of the old school, in which the hero runs rapidly through a course of witty profligacy into the arms of the loveliest of heroines, and no one pretends to virtue or honour except the hypocrite who is duly unmasked at the close of the fifth act. To relish such performances, the spectator ought to divest himself for the time of every notion of morality. He has only to bear in mind that the characters are not real men and women, but pure ideal creations, who enjoy a conventional morality or immorality peculiar to themselves, and are not amenable to the ordinary laws of right and wrong. If this hypothesis be once accepted, the moral sense is not shocked by the clever iniquities of the *dramatis personæ*, because they are judged by a standard that has nothing in common with actual life. Viewed in the same temper, the tortuous intricacies of Railway ethics may furnish as much entertainment as the best comedies of FARQUHAR or SHERIDAN. Drop all expectations of uprightness and fair dealing—regard Directors as a class *per se*—and nothing can be more clever and interesting than the fable of the Glenmutchkin Railway, except the histories of its prototypes. But that is not a very wholesome state of mind which derives satisfaction from the tricks of a SCAPIN or the successful intrigues of a DON JUAN; and it is a serious evil when this purely esthetical way of judging is brought to bear on real transactions. It is not shareholders alone who are too apt to amuse themselves with things which ought to be looked upon as social calamities. We are all more or less guilty in this matter. Who can say that he has never enjoyed a capital railway joke, the point of which was fraud? Who has not occasionally chuckled over the smart dodges of Boards and accountants? The comedy, however, has sometimes a touch of tragic in it that forces us to be serious in our own despite. We may, if we are cynical enough, smile at the practices of over-dexterous directors, and at the senseless connivance of shareholders; but when the mischief begins to reach the public, and lives are risked as well as dividends, it is astonishing how our tone is changed. It is no longer a laughing matter when the intrigues and squabbles of the board-room lead to stoppages and collisions on the line. We at once cease to be mere spectators of the arena in which committees and directors fight out their differences. We no longer see any fun in the contest, and are for putting down, with a high hand, irregularities that interfere with our business and imperil our limbs.

Such a change has just occurred in the temper of public opinion with respect to the Eastern Counties Railway; and however selfish may be the motive, we are glad to believe that serious attention is likely to be given to a matter which has hitherto been viewed much too lightly. The fact that has had so sobering an influence is known to every one. The Board of Trade has directed an inspection of the works, and the result is, that the line is pronounced unsafe. Colonel WYNNE examined a large number of the bridges between London and Norwich, and found them all in an advanced state of deterioration. The piles were rotted between wind and water, their heads decayed, and the capsills crushed—the timbers that support the rails were to a great extent decayed, especially at the bearing points—and the planking was discovered to be so rotten that it was dangerous to walk across it. The consequent reduction of strength is such that, in the opinion of the inspector, the public cannot travel between London, Cambridge, and Norwich without incurring serious risk. Many of the sleepers, also, are so much decayed that, even when the bridges shall have been repaired, it will be necessary for the safety of passengers to limit the speed of trains. The Board of Trade has forwarded to the Directors



the report of its officer, with the significant observation that the statute from which the Commissioners derive their powers does not authorize them to take any further steps, but that they will be glad to be informed what course the Directors mean to adopt.

We cannot join in the complaint, which has been pretty generally made, of the inadequate authority given to the Board of Trade. It is all very well for the public, in a fit of panic, to say that the power of inspection is useless without the power of stopping traffic. But a moment's reflection may convince us that an arbitrary authority of this kind would be liable to serious abuse, and would, in the end, be injurious to the interests of travellers, by exonerating Directors from that responsibility for accidents which is the chief guarantee for the public safety. It must be remembered, too, that such an official report as that before us is in itself a most powerful weapon against railway mismanagement, since it doubles the responsibility of the functionaries on whose arrangements the security of the traffic depends. The authorities of the Eastern Counties Railway have now had formal notice of the condition of their works. If an accident should occur, and a life be lost, owing to the continued working of the line in defiance of the Board of Trade, it is almost a moral certainty that every Director will be convicted of manslaughter; and, in such a case, we should not expect a very lenient sentence. This is a pretty stringent pressure to put upon any body of men; and if we were disposed to criticize the act, it certainly would not be for the insufficiency of the protection it affords to the public.

Although it appears, from a letter which Mr. WADDINGTON has addressed to a contemporary, that the Chairman is disinclined to accept the official report and the warning which it contains, we can scarcely believe that the Board will venture to disregard the unmistakable hint that they ought to suspend their traffic until the necessary repairs shall have been completed. Should they resolve to keep the line at full work, the public are warned, as well as the Company, and will perhaps consult their own safety by abstaining, as far as possible, from travelling on the condemned railway. It is several years since a train was destroyed in this country by the yielding of a bridge, but the frightful details of that catastrophe are even now recalled with a shudder. It must be very pressing business indeed that would tempt a sane man to risk his life on a line which crosses bridge after bridge with decayed timbers and rotten piles. It will probably make very little difference in the profits of the Company whether, under existing circumstances, trains run as usual or not; and there will be this additional advantage from closing the line, that the resumption of work, with the sanction of the Board of Trade, will restore general confidence, without which the traffic cannot be remunerative. The report of Colonel WYNNE is very suggestive in another point of view. After he had travelled from London to Norwich, stopping at intermediate places, and had taken a general survey of the works, he found a couple of days sufficient to enable him to form an opinion of the condition of the whole line. In two days, the Inspector penetrated the veil that had concealed the dilapidations from the Chairman's eyes for more than twice as many years. We know the off-hand way in which engineers are sometimes apt to report; but we can hardly believe that an opinion so decided, on a matter so simple as the state of certain uncovered timber structures, can be altogether without foundation. It is true also that Mr. WADDINGTON is not an engineer; but the defects pointed out by Colonel WYNNE appear too patent to have escaped the eye of any one who looked for them, and if professional aid were wanting, the Chairman of a railway company need never be without it. The economical Mr. ASHCROFT, however, said that the permanent way was in perfect order, and that the renewal fund was an idle superfluity; and the unsuspecting Chairman could not think of inquiring into so surprising, and at the same time so pleasant, a statement—although it now turns out that the most cursory inspection would have disclosed deteriorations which had been going on for years, perhaps even before the reign of Mr. WADDINGTON, as he now professes to believe. The rottenness of the old timbers must have been known to every workman on the line; and yet, if we are to accept the defence set up, it would have been unpardonable in the Board to doubt the representations of their superintendent, nor could any vigilance of the Chairman have discovered the truth, which at last became notorious enough to reach the Corporation of Norwich, and sufficiently obvious to be detected by a flying inspection.

It is said that the special meeting of shareholders, summoned for the 25th instant, has been chiefly promoted by Mr. WADDINGTON's friends; and if so, we hope they will then be prepared with a more satisfactory explanation of the decayed condition of the works than he has vouchsafed in his ingenious attempt at exculpation. We shall also be glad to hear when the line is placed in such a condition that we may venture to visit a friend in Cambridge without altogether forgetting the regard due to our necks.

#### THE NIGHT-SIDE OF JOURNALISM.

IT is the fate of despots to fear as much as they are feared. DIONYSIUS had his ear, and CROMWELL never slept twice in the same chamber. It is in vain that menace and force repress the public murmurs—an involuntary anxiety betrays the internal disquietude. Even "Great Journalism" is not superior to this law of retributive justice. The columns of self-laudation and self-exculpation which have of late been so incessantly inflicted on the public, look very like a consciousness that there is a good deal which requires to be justified, and that the commodity of praise, unless manufactured on the premises, is not unlikely to run short.

We cannot help thinking that "Leading Journalism" betrays some distrust in popular confidence when it finds it necessary to rest its claims to public gratitude on the late hours which are kept by its contributors. There seems to be a lurking suspicion that it is in vain that "we" rise up early and go late to rest, and eat the bread of carelessness. Indeed, of all titles to infallibility that it has ever been our lot to hear pleaded, that of going to bed at four o'clock in the morning seems the most singular and the least conclusive. There are other night-houses which serve the public with unsleeping vigilance, besides those which accommodate vagrant slander. Other trades, besides those of enterprising journalism, are plied, with more or less of respectability, in the small hours of the morning; and there are other establishments besides that of Puddledock which minister to the public thirst for nightly stimulants. Gin and bitters flow for the body as well as for the mind; and the complacent journalist, as, with exhausted body and approving conscience, he wends his way bedwards when the tap of well-drugged calumny has been run off to the dregs, may feel himself outdone by his indefatigable rival who is still serving out "blue ruin," to the great satisfaction of the public. Verily he, too, has his reward in a circulation of "sixty thousand" noggins. No doubt it is a singular merit to sit up late. The shell-fish man of the Haymarket—the old lady of the hot-potato stall—the heroic cabman of Piccadilly—the patriotic street scraper of the Strand—all aspire to this palm of self-sacrifice and public virtue. We recognise their devotion and remunerate their services; but we are hardly prepared to concede to them an exclusive monopoly of naval and military criticism. It is true that a man may sit up late and do a great deal of good, but it is equally true, and perhaps rather more common, that he sits up late and does a great deal of mischief. On the whole, the class which sits up till four o'clock in the morning, though it may be the most industrious, is scarcely the most meritorious part of the community. The pursuits which are relegated to those hours when the rest of the world is asleep, are, speaking generally, neither the most respectable nor the most savoury which engage mankind.

The real truth is, that the night-watch of the Editor is a very immaterial issue when the question in dispute is the accuracy of an article. The vulgar belief may be that the "pale-eyed" Sibyl sits on a tripod, waiting till the moment of inspiration arrives, and then pours forth the irrepressible truth in a stream of mellifluous periods. If, however, we may be excused for revealing the secrets of the trade, the fact is, that the Editor does not write. The gentleman who writes down the Navy does not expose himself to the martyrdom of late hours; for it would be dangerous to risk the blunting of so pointed a style by such injudicious treatment. If the truth must be told, the reputation of the British Navy is disposed of over tea and toast, by the aid of a bloater or a cigar. A great journal, like a great *cuisine*, has its different artists, who excel in different dishes—one is celebrated for his *sauce piquante*, another for his *vol-au-vent à la financière*, a third is supreme in dishes *à la surprise*, and a fourth handles the *pièce de résistance*. Let not grateful readers distress their feeling hearts—those gentlemen who kindly cater for their intellectual palates do not damage their nervous systems by remaining up till four o'clock in the morning. The given Institution, whatever it may be, is trussed up, roasted, and dished

before luncheon, and the artist, satisfied with his work, goes out to his evening party. The office of Editor is a very laborious and a very honourable one; but the gentleman who takes it upon himself to invent exploits for NELSON is not the Editor. The writer who concocts his facts to suit his argument has a very easy time of it indeed. To be smart twice a week through a column of large print, with the British Navy for a butt, is an amusing and responsible occupation, but can hardly be described as a fatiguing one. We may admire, or laugh with, the journalist, but it is rather too much to expect us to compassionate him.

Whatever may be its other advantages, the system of late hours does not seem favourable to the cultivation of logic. Sir C. NAPIER, in a letter to the *Times*, has boldly ventured on pursuing into somewhat greater detail the topic which we discussed last week. He exposes, by undeniable facts, the inaccuracy of the statement that "NELSON, with his lumbering ships, entered every harbour;" and he adduces a great many instances in addition to those which we cited, to show that the more correct statement would be that neither NELSON nor any other British Admiral ever entered any enemy's harbour at all. The issue raised was, it must be remembered, not whether a steam fleet might not have done more than has been accomplished during the late campaigns in the Baltic, but whether, in fact, NELSON, with sailing vessels, had achieved what our screw-liners have not dared to attempt. We may illustrate the argument thus. The object is, we will suppose, to prove that the Cunard line of steamers to America is inefficient, and the form of demonstration adopted is as follows:—"The Cunard vessels take ten days to make the passage. How different from Columbus, who crossed the Atlantic in his 'lumbering vessels' in a week." Thereupon the "old salt" who commands the Cunard boat,—and who can handle a marlin-spike a great deal better than a pen,—writes to say, "Indeed, sir, you are very much mistaken; Columbus did no such thing. He never made the passage in a week, or anything like it." Ordinary mortals might think that the "journalist" had rather got into a scrape; but the simpletons don't understand that, like other fish which frequent the mud, the breed has a singular faculty of wriggling out of everything; and even if the skin should come off in the process, that is only what they are used to.

It is instructive to those who wish to study the formation of public opinion by enlightened journalism, to see how "absolute wisdom" makes its escape, like a cuttle fish, out of this gross and ridiculous blunder. Fortunately for the journalist, our Cunard captain spells COLUMBUS with an initial K, and America with a final y. Here, indeed, is a fortunate loophole. What should a fellow know about sailing who cannot spell? We might as well ask, in return, How should an Editor understand style who cannot box the compass? We confess, for our part, our admiration for the art of spelling is daily diminishing, when we see the purposes to which its proficient devote their skill. The great want of the days of chivalry was, no doubt, the absence of journalism. The accomplished MARMION, indeed, tried his hand at something of the kind; and the envious and illiterate DOUGLAS addressed to him the words—

At first in heart it liked me ill,  
When the king praised his clerly skill;  
Thanks to St. Bothan, son of mine,  
Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line—

which, probably, Sir C. NAPIER may not be indisposed to re-echo.

The decadence of the English navy is loudly proclaimed to Europe, because NELSON "entered every harbour" with sailing vessels, whilst we have entered none with steamers. When the obvious refutation of this libel on the profession is advanced, namely, that NELSON did not enter every or any harbour of the enemy, it is thought a satisfactory answer—first, that Sir CHARLES NAPIER cannot spell; and secondly, that the Editor must know best, because he goes to bed at four o'clock in the morning. Such is "leading journalism"—such the accuracy of its facts—such the cogency of its logic. Oh! for an ARISTOPHANES to portray the CLEON to our Athenians.

#### THE BEBUTOFF PROCLAMATION.

GENERAL PRINCE BEBUTOFF, Commander of the Army of Tiflis, has added his mite to the curious collection of Russian notes, manifestoes, and proclamations which have been issued since the war began. It is a summons to the people of Mingrelia and Imeritia to rise *en masse*,

and annihilate the forces of OMAR PASHA. Whatever may be the Prince's merits as a soldier, he can use to good purpose Russia's favourite weapons—artifice and misrepresentation. He belies history with the coolness of an expert diplomatist, and the CZAR himself could not surpass the bold impiety with which he appeals to the spirit of fanaticism. The oligarchical prejudices of the Mingrelian princes, and the anti-Mahometan passions of the peasantry, are both made to serve his turn; and in an address filled with references to the Saviour and the Apostles, to the blood of martyrs and the traditions of the Church, he calls upon the inhabitants of the country to wage a war of extermination against the enemy, winding up with the following choice piece of ferocity:—"In every shrub, in every hollow, behind every stone, prepare his death . . . let him know that he is unworthy to be buried in Christian and consecrated ground, that you will bury him where the sound of church bells is unheard—in the spots which serve only for the lair of savage beasts."

We do not suppose that the Russian general cares one jot what may become of the corpses of his foes, if he can only get them slain; but he has chosen to appeal to the savage bigotry of a semi-Christian population to commence a barbarous guerilla warfare, which will add to the horrors, far more than it can influence the result, of the struggle. Civilized nations have long since tacitly agreed that their quarrels shall be fought out by regular armies alone. Like all other so-called laws of war, this rule rests upon the principle which condemns all fruitless aggravation of human suffering. A population hastily armed, and fighting, without military organization, from behind each bush and stone, cannot resist the advance of disciplined troops. They may pick off a few stragglers, and may perhaps barbarously maltreat some unlucky prisoners, but the campaign ends, just as if they had remained passive, in the triumph of that side which possesses the most powerful or the best handled regular army. The only substantial effect produced in general by a popular rising against a hostile force is to double the bloodshed, the exasperation, and the cruelty of the struggle; and therefore, in the interests of humanity itself, the laws of war sentence to death the peasant who is found with arms in his hand. It is as much a recognised rule of civilized warfare to hang a guerilla chief as it is to spare a prisoner who asks for quarter; and, of the two, the former rule has assuredly prevented more carnage than the latter. The sternest soldier can scarcely bear to think of the horrors of a sacked town; but when a people are called tumultuously to arms, the whole country becomes the scene of the same enormities as a captured city. Villages burnt, property destroyed, a land laid waste, outrage and cruelty sparing neither man, woman, nor child, ruin and desolation on every side, are the inevitable results of popular resistance to an enemy's forces. It must be a very extreme case indeed that can ever justify a resort to the means which the Russian commander has not scrupled to use. Most writers who have discussed the subject have come to the conclusion that even the invasion of an independent country, for the avowed purpose of conquest, is not a sufficient justification of a guerilla war; and all are agreed that it is inexcusable in every other case.

But General Prince BEBUTOFF finds special reasons of his own. The first is, that the Allies have dared to rise against "the only orthodox CZAR in the world," and have proposed to overthrow the grandeur of "Holy Russia." The next is, that the enemies of Russia have always succumbed before the fidelity shown by the never-vanquished Mingrelians to the CZARS—a rather venturesome argument to address to a recently conquered country. But the real force of the appeal rests on the fact which would, no doubt, be relied on as its chief justification. The religion of the enemy is the General's strong point with the people. The Turk, he tells them, pollutes their sacred country, threatening to destroy at once their faith and their prosperity, the churches where their ancestors sleep, and the houses that shelter their wives and families. They are accordingly called upon to rise against sacrilege and outrage, and (strange climax) "to maintain the distinction of classes which has from all time been their privilege." The war is described as at once a crusade for "Holy Russia" against the Turk, and a struggle for Mingrelian independence. And what is the pretence for giving such a colour to a mere diversion in favour of the defenders of Kars? Did the Turks attack the religion of the country, and advance, as of old, with the sword in one hand and the Koran in the other? Nothing of the sort. Did they outrage the inhabitants, and destroy their property? So far from it,



OMAR PASHA would not suffer a hen-roost to be robbed. Did they even interfere with the distinction of classes, on which the Russian Commander lays such stress? On the contrary, the first step of the Seraskier was to invest the greatest grandee he could catch with special authority from himself.

Has there, then, been any pretence at all for Prince BEBUTOFF's crusading fury? Yes, a pretence, though nothing more—a pretence which the Allies unwisely furnished, when they sent an army composed exclusively of Turks to invade a nominally Christian province, and kept their own Christian troops to garrison the positions they had won in a Mahometan country. Over and over again, during the last year, have the Governments of France and England been warned that an Ottoman army, unaccompanied by a single Christian regiment, might prove more hateful to the Trans-Caucasian tribes than even Russian tyranny. From a variety of sources they might have learned—what would have been a pretty safe *à priori* guess—that these countries, but recently brought under Russian dominion, would receive without opposition, if not with a cordial welcome, a Christian army that promised to give them independence. Russia's only chance of maintaining a hold upon their allegiance was by working upon their hereditary hatred to the Turks. Unless the Turks had crossed their frontier with an exclusively Mahometan force, not even Muscovite dexterity could have hoped to gain anything by appealing to their loyal indignation. The Allies unfortunately supplied the stimulus that the enemy wanted, and sent an Ottoman army, too weak to be of any service to the brave garrison of Kars, though just sufficient to rouse the distrust of a population that might easily have been won to our side. We have repeatedly lamented the error which was thus committed, and the result has more than warranted our apprehensions. OMAR PASHA has won two useless victories, and has been compelled to retreat to the sea coast. Kars has fallen without any real effort on our part to relieve it. The inhabitants of the country which must this year be one theatre of the war have been wantonly disgusted and estranged; and the wavering politics of Persia have probably been decided against us by the triumph which we have allowed Russia to obtain upon her frontiers. Altogether, the result of the Armenian campaign could not have been worse if we had never sent General WILLIAMS to be sacrificed at Kars, and had kept the Turkish Commander fretting at Balaklava.

But we have not yet exhausted the bungling displayed in the conduct of hostilities in Asia. It was not enough to send the wrong army to the wrong place at the wrong time, but, when we had plunged it into a hostile country, we were careful to deprive the Turkish Government of the means of sending reinforcements or supplies. We do not refer merely to the tardy and niggardly way in which we furnished transports for the troops, or to the absence of gun-boats, which might have done good service on the coasts and rivers of Mingrelia, instead of idling at Kamiesch. Neglect such as this was bad enough; but what can be said for the policy that kept back millions of the SULTAN's money in the Bank of England, at the very time when the Turkish General was without a commissariat or a transport service, and the Turkish Ministry had not a piastre to spare for the pressing wants of the army? While the Russian commander was cleverly and unscrupulously using our mistakes to strengthen his military position, the Allies, too, were making use of his threatening attitude for a different purpose. It supplied the requisite amount of pressure for humbling the Porte before the Commission which holds the purse-strings of its treasury. Above all things it was necessary that the SULTAN should produce his Budget; and it may be some satisfaction to diplomatists and politicians to know that they have succeeded in their object as completely as MOURAVIEFF has accomplished his. Our insolvent Ally has come at last humbly, with his schedule in his hand, and besought the Board to concert measures for providing him with the means of carrying on the war with vigour. He has given the details of his expenditure, and it is certainly not extravagant when compared with the waste of our own resources. He promises to send a monthly report to the Board of the employment of his funds, and to submit his expenses to their approval. Verily, this is a great triumph over our august Ally. What though it was necessary to abandon a fortress and cripple an army in order to attain it? For such an object, who will grudge the trifling loss of Kars, and the utter failure of the Mingrelian expedition?

#### THE CIVIL SERVICE SUPERANNUATION FUND.

THERE has been much talk of late about increasing the efficiency of the Civil Service. The Administrative Reform Association, now gracefully sinking into its grave, loudly clamoured for the establishment of public examinations, open to every ambitious stripling who might fancy himself born to serve the State. The Government, shrinking, no doubt, from the possible assemblage of a thousand competitors for the post of a tide-waiter or office-messenger, declined adopting the principle of the agitators; but they took a more practical course, which will, we trust, turn out more successful than any scheme of unlimited competition is likely to do. A system of examination has been set on foot, to test the capabilities of aspirants for public appointments, and to enable the various departments to secure the services of the fittest subordinates; and although the experiment is too recent to justify any decided opinion as to its results, it may be hoped that the doors of the public offices will, for the future, be barred against ignorance and incompetency. Another reform, however, is still needed, to give the Civil Service the utmost efficiency of which it is capable. To exclude bad servants is the first step; but to encourage good ones is equally important. When a really useful man has been procured for any duty, policy, no less than justice, requires that he should be liberally treated. His salary ought not to be screwed down to the lowest market-price, nor should he be tempted, by a niggardly scale of retiring pensions, to prolong his labours after his powers have declined. A fair, if not a generous, remuneration should be given—the retirement of worked-out servants should be encouraged by liberal allowances—and all should be placed in a position to make such provision for their families as may enable them to pursue their avocations with cheerfulness and vigour.

These views have been distinctly enunciated by one Government after another, admitted by the tax-paying public, and endured even by the financial reformers and economy-mongers of the House of Commons. Unfortunately, however, for some thousands of industrious clerks, the policy which no one questions has never been acted on. The greater number of Government servants are poorly paid and badly pensioned. The average income of the whole body of subordinate officers who have entered the service since 1829 is less than 150*l.* per annum; and while the maximum pension is but two-thirds of the salary, even this cannot be claimed by any one under the age of 65, unless incapacitated by infirmity of mind or body from discharging his duties. These are not very tempting terms to offer to an industrious and intelligent clerk. But there is a yet more serious grievance against which the Civil Service has been protesting for many years. Before the mania for retrenchment which followed the triumph of reform, the scale of pensions allowed to Government servants was much more liberal than that now in force. In the year 1834, however, the Superannuation Act was passed, which still regulates the salaries and pensions of civil officers. Its object was to reduce prospectively the charge to be incurred for superannuation allowances; and it contained two provisions for this purpose. In the first place, it reduced the pensions of those who entered the public service after 1829 to about one-half of their former value; and in the next, it imposed an assessment of 5*l.* per cent. on salaries exceeding 100*l.*, and of 2½*l.* per cent. on those of less amount. All officers who had been in Government employment before 1829 were exempted from this tax. Ministers, judges, and diplomatic servants were also exonerated from the impost, as being too high to be meddled with; and the multitude of mechanics and artisans were regarded as too low to bear the reduction. The whole taxation imposed to relieve the Superannuation Fund consequently fell upon the intermediate class, composed, for the most part, of clerks in the various public offices, and collectors of the revenue. The amount of their contributions has of course been gradually increasing, as the class exempted by antiquity of service has been dropping off. Twenty years ago, it was about 10,000*l.* a year—it is now six times as large—and in another ten years it is expected to reach its maximum of nearly 100,000*l.* a year.

The first question that this statement of the facts suggests is, whether a tax of this amount is more or less than enough to provide for the expenditure which it was intended to defray, or at least to reduce. The answer is startling. The impost is altogether inadequate to meet the whole of the claims on account of superannuation and compensation for abolished posts. At the same time, it is three or four times as large as the pensions received by the class on whom the

tax is levied; and it is calculated that, if continued for a few years longer, the accumulated value of the reductions from salaries since 1834 would form a fund, the interest of which alone would pay the pensions of the whole contributing class for ever. No such accumulation has ever been actually made; yet the result of the arrangement is, that a tax has been levied on the worst-paid section of public servants, for the ostensible purpose of reducing the charge for their superannuation, while the average return received by them bears no appreciable proportion to their contributions—the great bulk of the fund thus created being applied in payment of retiring allowances to political, judicial, and sinecurist officials, on whom no assessment has ever been made. One class, in short—and that the class which can least afford it—is compelled to pay for the benefit of all the other servants of the State. The Act of 1834 does not appear, however, to have been framed with any such intention. A rough guess was probably made at the per-centage necessary to provide for the contingencies of retiring pensions, and the estimate has turned out much too high for the requirements of the class subjected to the impost. There is nothing in the Act to suggest that it was in contemplation to apply the parings of clerks' salaries to swell the income of retired judges; and without very express words, we should be loth to attribute, even to the Parliament of 1834, the deliberate purpose of robbing poor Peter to pay rich Paul.

The whole affair was evidently a mistake, and justice requires that the error should, as far as possible, be remedied. If the principle of making civil servants purchase their own pensions is to be maintained, the fair course would be for the Government to retain, out of the assessments levied on the clerks, such a proportion as would suffice to defray the charge of their retiring allowances; and the residue ought either to be returned, or applied for the benefit of the contributing class. This would require the restoration of nearly the whole of the deductions made under the statute. But even this would be the very scantiest justice. There is something pitifully mean, to say the least, in the notion of keeping back a per-centage out of a small salary, in order to create a pension fund. A man who has worn himself out in the public service deserves a provision for his declining years, without having it meted out to him for value received, with the precision of a trading assurance office. Generosity, if not justice, forbids the Government of a great nation to deal parsimoniously with old and faithful officers. Policy, too, dictates a liberal treatment which may induce the retirement of those who have become incapacitated for further service. Superannuation allowances are, in fact, given as much in the interest of the employer as of the employed; and no merchant who takes a just and enlarged view of his relations to those in his service would ask his clerks to buy the pensions which true policy would bestow on them as a gift.

Some intimation has been given by the Chancellor of the Exchequer that the Government are disposed to adopt the more generous view of the subject. There will still, however, remain a question, whether the assessment should be wholly given up, or whether it may not advantageously be continued, and its proceeds devoted, together with the amount already levied, to the establishment and maintenance of a Provident Fund for the benefit of the wives and children of civil servants. The latter is the view taken by the Committee, whose exertions on behalf of their colleagues in the public service have, after several years of memorials, deputations, and petitions, been so far successful as to obtain the promise of a Government Bill upon the subject; and it is believed that the great majority of the contributors to the tax are of the same opinion as their representatives. The details of the scheme have been found to involve some difficulties which do not occur in the ordinary calculations of an insurance office. It became necessary to form new tables from the statistics of the public offices; and the machinery of the Association had to be reduced to a shape so simple and manageable as not to deter the Government from undertaking the administration of the fund. These obstacles have, however, been surmounted, with the assistance of Dr. FARR, who has made all the necessary calculations, and framed a scheme for the management of the fund; and consequently, this much vexed question is fully ripe for solution. If Ministers are really desirous of at length granting justice to a very important and not very well used class, they need not be alarmed by any supposed difficulties in their path. They will find the road smoothed before them, and nothing but their concurrence is wanting

to put into immediate operation a system which will relieve much undeserved distress, and, both directly and indirectly, increase the efficiency of the public service.

#### LORD WENSLEYDALE.

THOUGH few positions are more dignified than that of an English judge, few reputations are more narrow. The fifteen Judges are the centre of many associations venerable to every Englishman, and are surrounded by ceremonials neither unimpressive nor ungraceful, from which the lapse of six centuries has taken none of the vigour of reality. But though the Judges are almost universally known to all classes of society, their functions are such that few persons are competent to appreciate the manner in which they are performed, and fewer still to estimate the limits by which they are bounded. For these reasons, few unprofessional persons can be aware of the remarkable nature of that career which has been, in a certain sense, brought to a close by the elevation of Baron Parke to the House of Lords. Lord Wensleydale has always appeared to us to realize, with peculiar completeness, the ideal of an English judge, both in the excellences and the defects of the judicial character. Almost the whole of that part of the law which regulates the ordinary transactions of life—the law of contracts and of wrongs—is what Bentham so vehemently denounced under the name of judge-made law. In a certain sense, the Judges are the most important branch of the Legislature. Hardly any case of importance comes before the superior Courts in which it is not necessary to lay down principles of law, and to illustrate their application to the particular facts of the case. The authoritative enunciation of principles is legislation; yet, inasmuch as the principles which English judges enunciate are not those which appear to them intrinsically the most reasonable—but only such as constitute, in their opinion, the most reasonable manner of explaining and reconciling a vast number of precedents and enactments previously existing—the qualities of a great judge are by no means identical with those of a great legislator.

If regard is had to these considerations, we think that it would be almost impossible to overrate Lord Wensleydale's fitness for the office which he held for upwards of twenty-eight years. To the most vigorous good sense and very great powers of comprehension and abstraction, he added a degree of respect for the letter of the law, and a dexterity in investigating all questions relating to the meanings of words and the distinctions between them, which gave many persons the impression that he was a word-catcher and a crotchet-hunter. Those, however, who are familiar with his judgments must be well aware of the injustice of this imputation. That the constitution of his mind eminently fitted him for such inquiries is no doubt true, but it is no less true that the duties of his position constantly called upon him to enter into them; and it is also true that, though no special pleader could vie with him in subtlety, no judge on the bench has laid down broader or sounder principles of law. In that labyrinth of reports in which legal engineers are continually mining and countermining each other, no more solid materials are to be found than those which the judgments of Baron Parke supply. They have one title to respect which is almost peculiar to themselves—the inviolable fidelity with which they observe the limits of judicial legislation. They expound the law of the land in the clearest and soundest manner; but, even in cases in which its policy might seem questionable, they never attempt to get rid of it by a side-wind. Every principle which they embody may be relied upon, not as the private opinion of the Judge who delivered them, but as his *bona fide* enunciation of the doctrines of English law. That Lord Wensleydale sympathized strongly with the peculiarities of the system which he administered, may be admitted; but his powers were quite as conspicuous in the higher as in the lower portions of his duty.

The part of his career which most strikingly illustrates these remarks is his connexion with that system of special pleading which flourished from the enactment of what were called the New Rules to that of the Common Law Procedure Act of 1852. This is not the place to discuss the merits of that system referred to. The few persons who are capable of appreciating it may see Lord Wensleydale's subtleties illustrated, with a mixture of wit and legal learning altogether extraordinary, in the "Crogate Case"—in which the same hand to which we owe a well-known Bill for committing the government of the country to the *Times* has drawn, under the title of "Baron Surrebutter," a sketch which no lawyer can mistake. Without contradicting such an authority, we may be permitted to say that, if men always meant what they said, the whole of what they said, and nothing but what they said—if language were perfectly free from ambiguity, and if people invariably understood all the stages of the transactions in which they engage—the system of special pleading would very often have been the means of administering substantial justice without the expense of a trial. Of course, the fact that these suppositions are not only not true, but are more like the reverse of the truth, was, independently of the numerous fictions and anomalies by which special pleading was disfigured, an excellent reason for introducing very great changes into our code of procedure; but it is no imputation upon Lord Wensleydale that he used the exquisitely delicate instrument which the law put into his hand with exquisi-



site delicacy. If, instead of a single instrument, used by a single hand, dentists had to employ an engine of the most complicated kind, which could only be worked by five or six people all acting independently of each other, upon instructions which it was the labour of a lifetime to understand, and which could only be carried out by extraordinary skill in manipulation, it would be very hard to charge the broken jaws which would inevitably follow upon the skill of the single operator who understood and executed his instructions, and not upon the misfortune or awkwardness of the four or five others who, through the infirmity of the human understanding, had not been equally successful. It was no fault of Mr. Baron Parke that he was one of the very few men who understood special pleading, though the fact that all special pleaders were not Baron Parkes was an unanswerable reason for altering the system.

No one who has been in the habit of witnessing his Lordship's administration of criminal justice, can for a moment suppose that his mind was deficient in that broad common sense which is indispensable to the due discharge of that function. The traditions of the bar have, no doubt, preserved some instances of his curious subtlety on such occasions; one legend, for example, charges him with having left to the jury seventeen questions to answer in a case of fowl-stealing. A far more general recollection will long attest the careful patience with which he examined, the minuteness with which he remembered, and the keenness with which he applied the most complicated facts. Our readers will recollect the involuntary admiration which his "just, severe judge" extorted from Tawell. It may seem, in these days, almost an impertinence to praise Lord Wensleydale's impartiality in criminal proceedings. This opinion, however, will hardly be shared by those whose professional duty often takes them into our courts of law. The entire indifference to consequences—especially in capital cases—which is constantly impressed as a duty upon the jury, is by no means universal on the bench; nor is it every Judge who can withstand the insidious temptation of doing "substantial justice"—or, in other words, of forcing upon the jury his own view of the case, at the expense sometimes both of law and of evidence.

It has been pithily observed that the best actor is the best judge; nor can any one doubt that there is much truth in the remark, who considers the nature of the administration of justice in England, and the associations with which it is surrounded. In many respects, Lord Wensleydale amply complied with this requisition. Who that ever saw it can forget the massive face, grand in its rough-hewn homeliness, or the sparkling eyes, keener and more intelligent at seventy than most men's at twenty-five? Lord Wensleydale was no less fortunate in possessing the bodily energy which is so essential to legal eminence, and so sure a passport to the admiration of Englishmen. The fifteen Judges are probably fifteen of the strongest men in England. Many of our readers will remember how, on one occasion, the Court of Queen's Bench had to enforce upon their chief the propriety of consideration for less iron nerves than his own, by granting a new trial in a case in which he insisted upon sitting all night, in order that he might get the business done before opening the commission at the next assize town. Lord Wensleydale was not a whit behind Lord Campbell. Last summer, he pronounced sentence of death at midnight, at Carlisle, on the conclusion of a trial which had lasted fifteen hours, and made his appearance in court at Lancaster at ten the next morning. Only a few weeks ago, we read bitter lamentations in the assize reports of our morning contemporaries, over the indifference to cold which induced him to order all the windows in court, at Winchester, to be thrown open, and all the fires to be put out, when the thermometer stood at 20°. We hope that he will long live to enjoy his well-earned honours, and that his robust frame and vigorous mind may, for many years, do as good service to his country in the House of Lords as they did in the Court of Exchequer, years before any of his colleagues had arrived at the bench, or before most of those who so lately practised before him had been called to the bar.

Great as may be the loss occasioned by his retirement, his place could hardly have been better supplied than it has been by the promotion of his successor. In his own profession, Baron Bramwell's reputation is of a kind which renders any praise of ours altogether superfluous. We have no doubt that he will sustain on the bench the high distinction which he acquired at the bar, and we are glad to see that, in his case, as in that of Mr. Justice Willes, the Government have made an appointment no less judicious than disinterested.

#### CHEMISTRY AND AGRICULTURE.

(BY N. S. MASKELYNE.)

No. V.

THE proportions of the mineral ingredients of a crop of turnips and of wheat, which we stated in a former article, are necessarily only approximations to the truth. Analyses of the ashes of these substances are effected by operating on a very few grains at a time, and an error in this small quantity, of ever so minute an amount, becomes multiplied when calculated for tons of the plant-material. The analyses of the turnip ash are peculiarly exposed to the chance of such a multiplication of error. Those which have been published by no means accord with each other, and it is not improbable that the amount of phosphoric acid, and

perhaps of other ingredients which turnips contain, varies with the variety, and even in different plants of the same variety when grown under different conditions. One thing, however, must be noticed as most important as regards the turnip. It is often spoken of as a plant whose phosphoric acid and other ash ingredients are so small that they are as nothing to the bulk of the crop. And this is so far true, that the amount per cent. of these ingredients does not exceed  $\frac{1}{1000}$  per cent. ( $= \frac{1}{100000}$  of the plant) in phosphoric acid, and  $\frac{1}{300}$  per cent. in alkalies—quantities that seem almost infinitesimal in comparison with the watery and other constituents of the turnip; but nevertheless, when viewed with reference to the total amount extracted by the plants grown on an acre of land, they equal—while some of them far surpass—the quantities of the same ingredients drawn from the acre of the soil that bears a heavy wheat-crop.

It is clear, then, that the advantage arising from the use of phosphate of lime on the poorer sorts of turnip land is in no way inconsistent with, but rather is the natural result of, the application of the chemical theory of agriculture. That some soils should require alkalies, and some perhaps even lime as a constituent, (as distinct from its application as a decomposing agent in the soil) and that others should require sulphates, are anticipations naturally growing out of that theory; and of these, examples might in all probability be found in the poorest sand-soils of this country. Moreover, that wheat-crops should require something more than ammoniacal salts alone for their development—that on some lands, besides the phosphates and other minerals of the kinds that may be required by the turnip-crop, a manuring with soluble silicic acid should be found requisite—is also a natural conclusion. The clays, and marls, and loams of every country doubtless abound in this ingredient, for which the wheat-plant, as we have seen, makes a large drain upon the soil. Some sandy and siliceous lands, by weathering or by lime-dressings, may perhaps produce it in sufficient amount; but on other soils it would in all probability require to be supplied. On what soils these particular manures may be required for growing turnips and wheat, is a question quickly answered by intelligent experiment by the farmer himself—more positively and accurately, indeed, than by the labours of the chemist in the laboratory. Indeed, the great problem of the agriculturist is, and ever will be, this:—Given, a soil, a climate, and certain conditions of market, what crops will grow best in the given soil and locality, and how will these crops be best grown? The number of questions raised in this problem is very large—questions chemical, physiological, and economical—involving the constitution both of plant and soil, and also the habits and the functions of the several organs of the plant itself. Experiment in the field and laboratory, especially in the former, suggested and carried through by enlightened knowledge and patient thought, can alone solve these questions. The chemist does not pretend to solve them. He lays down the axioms applicable to them so far as his science is concerned—physiology lays down others. It is for the tiller of the ground to work out both the one and the other, in harmony with the economical experiences of his husbandry. But the axioms of the chemist and physiologist are not less true because they are asserted by men who are not husbandmen, any more than the motions of the heavenly bodies by which a ship is sailed are not true laws to the mariner, because the astronomer is not a seaman.

The light which vegetable physiology has already thrown—and which even a cursory glance at the wheat and turnip-plants may throw—on the subject of their respective proper manures, is interesting, and tends to remove the apparent anomaly which accumulated evidence regarding these manures may seem to present. The tribe to which wheat belongs is peculiarly leafless; the turnip, on the other hand, expands its well-known abundant surface of leaf to the influences of the atmosphere. The leaf is, as it were, the lung of the plant. At its surface the aerial constituents of the nutriment of the plant are in great part imbibed, and in its substance they are decomposed under the influence of the light, at least in so far as the carbonic acid is concerned. The wheat-plant, consequently, and all those allied immediately to it, can attract and assimilate but little of this gaseous food by means of their leaf; while the turnip, like nearly all its congeners of the Brassicæ tribe, in its large expanse of leaf, covers the field with a vast absorbent surface, that imbibes and turns into turnip-food the carbonic acid and ammonia of the air which passes over it. But examine the underground feeders of the respective plants, and the relations of their food-collecting powers appear reversed. The wheat-plant, with its deeply and widely penetrating roots and root-fibres, seems to forage in as many cubic feet of soil as the turnip-root penetrates inches. The latter, with its vast abnormally developed bulb, presents a comparatively small, because a globular surface, in comparison with its solid contents, while the diverging rootlets that extend from it are confined to a space very limited in comparison with that through which the wheat-root ranges. To maintain, then, and develop the peculiarly abnormal condition of the cultivated turnip, what are the necessary conditions? Clearly to give to it, concentrated and in abundance, the food which it requires; and that food will not be carbonic acid or nitrogen, except in so far as they may act as solvents and carriers of other food—these the leaf gathers abundantly. It is the mineral ingredients of its ash—which the soil may not contain in large enough amount—that must be so supplied to it;

pre-eminently, therefore, phosphoric acid in many soils—alkalies, also, and alkaline chlorides, in many others—lime and sulphuric acid, too, perhaps, in some. These must be supplied around the plant in immediate proximity to it. Doubtless, also, the roots of the turnip are less vigorous penetrators of mechanically stubborn soils than are the roots of the cereals, and they thrive, therefore, by preference, in lighter lands than these. It may happen, therefore, that a heavy soil, however rich in the appropriate mineral ingredients of the plant, shall yet resist the lateral extension and development of the roots from the bulb, and, while bearing noble wheat crops, respond but sluggishly to the farmer's solicitations for a field of turnips. But the wheat plant, to which a spread of leaf is wanting, is compelled in a great degree to fall back on the liquid contents of the soil imbibed by its roots, for that supply of nitrogenous and carbonaceous food out of which it is to build at once its albuminous and glutinous, and its ligneous and starchy constituents; and its development in a given time will therefore be dependent on the amount of ammonia which it can so assimilate by its roots. These roots are consequently endowed with an enterprising habit, and with penetrating and searching powers, which we seek in vain in the more helpless unwieldy turnip. They consist of fibres, each of which pierces deep into the soil—

— et quantum vertice in auras  
Ætherias, tantum radice ad Tartara tendit—

and penetrates that soil—literally ransacks it for food—on every side. Obviously, therefore, a smaller percentage of phosphates and other minerals in the soil will suffice for the cereals; not that they want much less of these than the turnip, but that they can go farther to collect them. Hence, too, manures that have been in the soil for one or two seasons, and have penetrated further down into it than the surface, may fall more within the range of the foraging roots of this tribe of plants than manures freshly applied, and therefore only mixed with the upper zone of soil—that zone, in short, in which the turnip grows.

Agriculture is certainly indebted to Mr. Lawes and Dr. Gilbert. If some of their experiments do not seem planned with a clear end in view, and if some of their conclusions are not drawn as the practised philosopher would draw them, agriculture has yet to thank them for other experiments which had an end in view and achieved it, and for other conclusions which will bear fruit. Had Mr. Lawes not commenced by attacking the theory which Baron Liebig founded, and which science has accepted and hopes to see developed—if he had fully appreciated the fundamental truths in that theory, and thrown himself into the van of the practical men who ought to be labouring to give it development—the debt which agriculture and science owe to him would assuredly have been greater. For then, more single in their aim, less complex and confused in their form, his investigations would doubtless have caught more of the spirit of logical experimental inquiry which makes the philosopher. Mr. Hemming, in his practical prize essay, has, perhaps with justice, accused the chemist of dictating *ex cathedra* to the farmer. The chemist is wrong if he assumes the tone of ridicule, or uses the language of contempt; but he is conscious of being the interpreter of truths which he has developed by patience, labour, thought, and the experience in inductive method acquired by familiarity with the modes of reasoning of a vast and noble science; and he is naturally impatient of seeing those truths gainsaid and spurned, or one part of them treated as truisms, while another is ignored. He is profoundly conscious that they are a portion, though not the whole of truth—that they may and will be developed, but that they will not be overthrown.

Baron Liebig gave the very word Ammonia to agriculture; and the doctrine of the mineral ingredients of plants was his. Truly, agriculture owes, and will one day pay, him reverence; and the agriculturist will assuredly profit more by the endeavour to catch the spirit of experimental inquiry from the chemist, and to work out some of the many problems which chemistry suggests, than by ever striving to throw off the allegiance of his practical art to those sciences which must always preside over its principles. The chemist can never be a farmer—his duties are in another sphere. But the farmer may, and must be, in a certain sense, a chemist. Chemistry—and the same is true of Physiology—may lay down, as she has laid down, axioms for agricultural science—axioms which are corollaries to propositions of her own; but it is the agriculturist alone who can give life and practical value to these axioms, by applying them to the attainment of profitable results, and, still more, by developing them by rational experiments instituted in all the departments and in all the economical details of his farm.

#### SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY.—THE ARTISAN & THE THEORIST.

TO the youthful enthusiast, who, rich in hope and poor in experience, approaches for the first time the study of politics, it may well appear that the science has but one all-embracing enigma with which to grapple. To solve the problem of rich and poor, to ascertain the means by which poverty may be abolished amongst men—this is the grand and worthy object of a great statesman's ambition. Grand, indeed, and unspeakably happy in its results, could it but be attained; for it is evident, to the youngest and most inexperienced amongst us, were it only from diligent study of the police reports, that poverty is the pro-

lific source of crime, and that crime is the parent of all the misery upon earth. In this single consideration, how strong an incentive is offered to the young philosopher to exert all his abilities, all his powers of thought and invention, all his imagination and resources, in discovering the charm which may paralyse and destroy this monster evil. And why should its destruction be so difficult of achievement? If it be true that our mother earth yields sufficient for the requirements of all men—if Nature, that "good cateress," has furnished us with the horn of plenty—shall we convert the blessing into a curse by savage contention over those good things which she has provided for her children? Shall we pamper one man, and starve his neighbour, and so create at once the bane of wealth and the curse of poverty? Why, the very cattle of the field divide in peace the fodder which is sufficient for all; and shall man, more brutal and less reasonable than they, wage war against his unoffending fellow, and by his rapacity fill all the earth with misery and crime? Alas! what answer can be returned to such questions—what answer but "Live and learn!" For the youth who asks them errs at the very outset from ignorance. He abhors vice, he has no compassion for the vicious, and yet he thinks himself a philanthropist—not knowing that the two things are incompatible, not having yet learnt the truth of that bitter proverb, "Qui vitia odit homines odit." And although he knows that poverty is a prolific source of crime, he does not yet suspect how true is the converse of the proposition—that crime is the greatest begetter of poverty. Goethe has profoundly said that "every crime expiates itself upon earth," and to the avenging angel whose office it is to award subliminary punishments to evildoers, poverty is the mighty "House of Correction" to which the majority of culprits are consigned. For in this practical world, no man can long pursue a vicious course without what is called "losing his character;" and this, in nine cases out of ten, signifies losing the means of an easy and honourable subsistence, and being reduced, as a natural consequence, to penury and want. The young philosopher learns, therefore, by experience that the attempt to abolish poverty is hopeless, so long as vice, the begetter of poverty, subsists in the world; and that it is to the abolition of the cause, and not of the effect, that his thoughts must turn, if he seriously desires to promote the happiness of his fellow-beings. Let him, then, consider the best means of suppressing, or even diminishing, grasping ambition, avarice, envy, and all the uncharitableness which lurks within the heart of man, with the sure knowledge that where vice is, there also will be poverty, the punishment of crime, and, unhappily, one of the strongest incentives to it.

The elder apostles of Socialism have not been altogether idle among us of late years. They have been partially connected with the extensive system of "strikes" which has recently found favour in the eyes of our operatives, and which, while it has entailed much suffering on the working population of our great towns, has secured to them little or no benefit in return. It is now, we believe, admitted that the organizers of these movements are discredited in the opinion of those whose thought and conduct they have endeavoured to guide, and that the much lauded "common-sense" of the English people has hitherto evinced little partiality for the theories of communism. In support of this opinion, we may quote a curious and characteristic anecdote, related by one of the most amiable of those who have employed themselves of late in propagating the gospel of socialism in England, and which is entitled by him—"One of my experiences of British Common Sense." He had made clear, as he thought, to a stubborn operative in one of our large towns, the whole beauty of the system of communism in its widest and most significant sense. Upon a certain forenoon, however, the stolid artificer called upon him, and somewhat abruptly stated that he did not believe in the doctrines of the philosopher, and that he was come to tell him "the reason why;" and without further prelude, the simple logician proceeded to give utterance to the following narrative or fable, clothed in biblical language—probably the only written language, or style, with which he was familiar. He cleared his throat, and began:—"Thirty men went into a certain island to dwell. And they divided the land into thirty parts, to every man a part; and none had less, and none more than his fellows. And one of the thirty was named William, and he was a wise man; and another, James, was a sluggard; and a third, named Andrew, was a prodigal. Now it came to pass that after two years there was a dearth in that land. And when the harvest had not yet been long gathered, James, who had neglected to till the soil, and Andrew, who had farmed wastefully, were without bread. Then went these two to William, and said: 'Thou art wise, thy prudence hath recompensed thee, give us of thy substance, or we starve.' But William answered to them, 'Not so. What I have gotten I have earned by the labour of my thought and by the cunning of my hand; but ye were slothful and tilled not the land, or ye were prodigal and wasted the produce thereof; it is meet ye suffer for your sins.' And they were ashamed, and departed sorrowing. But on the morrow they returned to William, and said, 'Behold, thy thought is greater than our thought, and the cunning of thy hand surpasseth ours; take thou, therefore, our land, and let it be tilled according to the excellence of thy judgment; we will serve as thou directest, and out of the abundance of thy substance shalt thou recompense our toil; that so we may prosper and live.' And of the other thirty on the island, some were wicked, and



others sluggish, and others dull. And in the time of their need all these men repaired to William, and were helped of him. So when a score of years had passed away, William was the chief man and governor of that island, and they who were wisest next to him were as princes and lords under him; and the fools and knaves were the poor of that land, and their children were born poor." "Stop," said the philosopher, abruptly, "if I admit the conclusion to which your story points, that the wise amongst men will always prosper at the expense of the unwise, that is no reason why the children of the latter should suffer by their parents' folly, and inherit the curse of poverty. To obviate this, I would, at the death of every wise and prosperous man, divide his substance among the children of his poorest neighbours, and by this method we should, at least, avoid the evils of an aristocracy of birth, a far worse thing than the aristocracy of merit which you advocate." "And what," replied the workman, dropping, of course, the biblical style of his carefully elaborated narrative, "what would the William of my tale say to that? Shall a man think better and work better than his fellows all his life, only to be told on his deathbed that the fruit of his toil is to be divided, not amongst his own children, but amongst the children of the worst and laziest of his neighbours? I don't think William would stand that, sir. Besides, asking your pardon, would not that be what you call putting a premium on vice, and discouraging a man's efforts to better himself by work and thrift. I can't see as society would much benefit by that sort of thing, sir." And with this, the honest workman, fearing probably to be forced into the mystic regions of logic by his wily opponent, sidled to the door, and with a hearty "good-night," which was as cordially returned, left the philosopher to ruminate over his fresh "encounter with British common-sense."

That the wise will always prosper at the expense of the unwise—how true an insight is this, on the part of the uncultivated artisan, into the relations which subsist amongst men in the practical world! The passion of acquisitiveness is the spur that urges men forward in the race whose goal is worldly prosperity; and how shall they who are weighted with the dullness of stupidity, or whose curbless passions cause them to swerve frantically from the straight course, compete with those who sweep with the swiftness and the decision of genius to the winning-post? It is impossible that all should be foremost in the race, and they surely will lag behind who, by reason of their infirmities, are least qualified to excel in the contest. Again, there is something noble and true in the thought of this working-man, when he makes the prodigal and sluggard of his tale solicit the guidance of the wiser man, and originate the proposal to serve under him. Here, surely, is an unconscious tribute to the philosophy of hero-worship, paid by one who probably never heard of Thomas Carlyle. He appears, nevertheless, to know that the weaker soul always must and will do homage to the stronger—or, as he might himself express it, "that for one man who has the capacity to govern, a thousand have the capacity to serve, and that the thousand will in such case always be ruled by the one."

Judging from the reception given to the theories of Socialism by the simple artisan above-quoted, we may conclude that they are not calculated to make much impression either on the heart or brain of the most intelligent amongst our working population, and that they are neither loved nor admired by them. For our own part, we can have no very wide difference with those who merely mean by "Socialism" the freest possible development of the principle of co-operative union, and the widest possible extension of the system of partnership. But if the term implies the levelling of things which by their nature cannot be kept level, and the establishment of a state of society which can be regarded as durable only on the supposition that men are different from what we daily find them—then we unhesitatingly pronounce Socialism to be, according to the moral or intellectual obtuseness of its apostles, either profligate cant or drivelling imbecility.

## REVIEWS.

### MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

*Concluding Notice.*

MR. MACAULAY possesses one of the most useful qualifications of an historian in the cordial enthusiasm with which his subject inspires him. The gradual formation of the modern constitutional system during the reign of William III., furnishes an interesting study to the politician; nor can any reasonable man regard without a certain complacent satisfaction the definitive triumph, embodied in the Revolution, of common sense over perversity. It was reserved, however, for the most popular writer of the present day to revive the memory of the plots and Parliamentary struggles which closed the seventeenth century. Scott impressed on more than one generation his own leaning to Jacobitism, and his exaggerated estimate of his Highland hobby. The new History of England is much more authentic than *Waverley*; and it deals with personages and events more serious than the Pretender and the battle of Preston Pans. There seems no reason for rebelling against the summons of the artist who now claims the sympathy of his countrymen for the results

which his labours have produced. No portion of history is uninteresting if it is represented with accuracy and vividness. It is probable that special inquirers may find numerous misstatements of fact in the pages which have for three weeks occupied the attention of England; but the general colouring and character of the picture will remain true to nature. Mr. Macaulay's political opinions, and even his prejudices, are substantially those of an orthodox Englishman. The sentimental retrospective Jacobitism of the present day is generally an affectation, and at best a feeble anachronism; and the preponderating advantages which the nation has derived from the expulsion of the Stuarts have long since removed the estimate to be formed of the Revolution from the catalogue of open questions.

Although Mr. Macaulay more than once disfigures his composition by applying to himself the epithet of Whig, he makes laudable efforts to hold the balance even between those portions of the two contending factions which remained within the pale of the revolutionary constitution. The charge of inconsistency against the Tories who transferred their allegiance from James to William is rather implied than urged; nor was it possible for the historian who rightly selected the King as his hero to vindicate the conduct of the Whigs in thwarting and endeavouring to betray the Protestant deliverer, whom, in concert with their habitual opponents, they had so recently placed on the throne. The Nonjurors and Jacobites may perhaps be abandoned as fair game to the satirist who delights to expose their incurable perversity. Of all the numerous crotchets which political and religious ingenuity has devised, the doctrine of the divinity of kings and of the consequent duty of non-resistance was, perhaps, the most ludicrously arbitrary in its origin, and the most immoral in its consequences. The dogma of the Nonjurors, like many other fancies of *dilettante* medievalists, was of modern and Protestant origin. The See of Rome had never dwelt earnestly on the sacredness of the Crown. The greatest sovereigns of the 16th century, Elizabeth and Henry IV., had been excommunicated by the Pope, and two successive French sovereigns were assassinated under sacerdotal influence. The chiefs of the League professed doctrines as to the origin of regal power which would have satisfied the Jacobins of 1792. The sacredness of the royal name and character was devised as a set-off against the exclusive pretensions of the Papacy. Henry VIII. and Elizabeth naturally assumed to themselves the attributes which they withdrew from Rome, and James I. endeavoured to convert a figurative mode of speech into a system. The so-called martyrdom of Charles seemed to consecrate the hereditary infallibility of the Sovereign; and James II. stupidly employed, in the re-establishment of the Romish hierarchy, the personal sacredness which he inherited solely from his Protestant ancestors.

The advocates of Irish nationality will derive little gratification from Mr. Macaulay's account of the struggle which terminated with the siege of Limerick. In this, as in other instances, the historian substantially adopts the views entertained by the more enlightened class of Englishmen in 1690. The Irishman who fought for James was regarded, not as the member of a hostile faction, but as a foreign enemy, who was at the same time a revolted subject. Mr. Macaulay fully admits that the natives were justified in fighting for freedom and supremacy; but his own sympathies are on the side of England. No writer has explained so clearly the conflict of interests in Irish affairs between James and his powerful protector. The French Envoy, Avaux, understood from the first that a Roman Catholic Ireland, under the sovereignty of a separate King, would be virtually a province of France, while the United Kingdoms, even under a Stuart, would necessarily have enjoyed comparative independence. Every triumph of the alien race placed an additional bar between Great Britain and the King of Ireland; and the crafty French diplomatist had reasons for encouraging the barbarous ferocity with which the Roman Catholics persecuted the masters from whose rule they were temporarily emancipated. During the short session of his Parliament at Dublin, James was, for the first and last time, surrounded by supporters more fanatical or more unscrupulous than himself. The royal assent was given with some reluctance to the Act of Attainder by which two or three thousand of the principal persons in the kingdom were sentenced to death and to the confiscation of their property, if they failed to fulfil an impossible condition. At a later period, Avaux was surprised by the King's refusal to sanction a general massacre of the Protestants:—

James was not to be moved; and Avaux retired in very bad humour. His belief was that the king's professions of humanity were hypocritical, and that if the orders for the butchery were not given, they were not given only because his Majesty was confident that the Catholics all over the country would fall on the Protestants without waiting for orders. But Avaux was entirely mistaken. That he should have supposed James to be as profoundly immoral as himself is not strange. But it is strange that so able a man should have forgotten that James and himself had quite different objects in view. The object of the Ambassador's politics was to make the separation between England and Ireland eternal. The object of the King's politics was to unite England and Ireland under his own sceptre; and he could not but be aware that if there should be a general massacre of the Protestants of three provinces, and he should be suspected of having authorized or of having connived at it, there would in a fortnight be not a Jacobite left even in Oxford.

Notwithstanding the misconduct of the Irish troops at the battle of the Boyne, the French King would perhaps have acted prudently if he had thrown his whole strength into the struggle for the possession of Ireland. The campaigns in the Netherlands,

essentially indecisive in their character, tended eventually to the disadvantage of the great military monarchy which at first was more than a match for the whole of Europe. It was in vain that, year after year, Luxemburg outmanœuvred William, that Mons and Namur were taken, that the victory of Steinkirk was achieved. Before the Peace of Ryswick, the resources of France were exhausted, while Spain and Austria had remained almost passive—while the trade of Holland was flourishing—and while England was rapidly advancing in prosperity under a government which a foreign war daily identified more closely with the nation. It is very doubtful whether the whole power of England could have recovered Ireland from James, if Lewis had thought fit to carry on the war with his whole power. The Celtic levies which rallied round Tyrconnel in unprecedented numbers would, under French officers, and in French pay, have become in two or three campaigns not unequal to the colonists who had repelled them with ignominy from the walls of Derry, or even to the Dutch and English regiments whose aspect had scattered them on the banks of the Boyne. A French army in Ireland, supported by a permanent insurrection in the Highlands of Scotland, might probably have prolonged the struggle to the death of William; and the Jacobites would then have been furnished with a strong argument for the restoration of a dynasty which would at once have reunited the Empire.

From the time when the three kingdoms submitted to the new Government, the final success of the Revolution was assured. Mr. Macaulay records in the minutest details the plots which successively employed the activity of conspirators, and the Parliamentary dissensions which encouraged the hopes of the Jacobites. It was perfectly natural that discontented factions should anticipate a second Restoration, nor is it surprising that cautious politicians, who knew that their lives and fortunes were at stake, should guard against future contingencies by inoperative protestations of loyalty to the exiled Stuarts. History however presents a more comprehensive and certain point of view. It now seems past a doubt that the Revolutionary throne never incurred any serious danger. The Jacobites were in a hopeless dilemma between the unpopularity of foreign assistance, and their own inability to stand by themselves. A local insurrection, even if the people could have been induced to favour it, would have been crushed by half a dozen regiments; and on the other hand, a threat of invasion put an end for the time to all internal dissension. The national dislike to William's Dutch soldiers and foreign advisers ought to have satisfied James that his restoration by the arms of France could have been effected only by the success of an internecine war. When a foolish pamphleteer declared that William and Mary occupied the throne by conquest, both Houses rose in indignation to denounce the insolent fiction. The most besotted Jacobite could scarcely hope that foreign invasion would be rendered more tolerable, when the conqueror was the representative of Popish supremacy, and the lifelong enemy of England. It was, indeed, impossible to secure the king's person from violence; but it is certain that the assassination of William would of itself have been fatal to the hopes of his rival. The nation would not have troubled itself with any curious inquiries into the guilt of James or of his immediate advisers; but it would have finally renounced all connexion with a family which was supported by murder. Anne would have succeeded to the crown without dispute, and the firm hand of Marlborough was fully equal to maintain the cause which his sound judgment would undoubtedly have approved.

The Parliamentary contests which followed the Revolution may possess an interest for those who still cherish the obsolete illusion that they are carrying on the tradition of the original Whigs. There are yet mild political antiquarians who triumph in the fall of Nottingham or of Leeds, and the rise of Montague at the expense of Godolphin is still perhaps a living tradition among the older frequenters of Brookes's. To more serious readers of history, the most valuable lesson to be derived from Mr. Macaulay's work consists in the proof that, at the end of the seventeenth century, Englishmen already possessed a peculiar aptitude for Parliamentary Government. The French Chambers from 1815 to 1848 never thoroughly understood that, if they were to bear a part in public business, they must recognise and support the other portions of the constitutional system. The orators of the Left did all in their power to degrade the Crown, and the demagogues of the press and of the street in turn invited the multitude to despise their representatives. The Parliamentary leaders under William possessed a sounder political instinct.

Perhaps the principal value of Mr. Macaulay's work consists in the minute representation which he has given of the manner in which a Parliament, directed by men of business, may coexist with the government of an active and ambitious king. Students, however, of various classes and dispositions may find amusement and instruction in his pages. The struggles of the East India Company with its opponents, the Bills of Toleration and Comprehension, and the Bill of Attainder against Fenwick, are discussed and illustrated with as much energy and brilliancy as the siege of Namur or the massacre of Glencoe. The historian might, at each several point, be mistaken for an essayist who had concentrated his attention on the particular subject of description. The difficulties of every political problem of the period of which he treats, if not exaggerated, are brought out in the

fullest relief, that justice may be more amply done to the efforts of those who successfully overcame them. Before Mr. Macaulay will allow Montague and Locke to issue good shillings and half-crowns, he exerts himself to impress upon his readers the desperate condition of the silver currency, the inexpressible energy of the clippers, and the almost insurmountable obstacles to a reform which has been at some period attempted and achieved in every civilized country. A remarkable instance of the writer's tendency to magnify the topic with which he is dealing for the moment, will be found in the dissertation on the newspaper press which introduces the discussion of the licensing law.

The disposition of an historian to overrate the importance of the events which he records produces some advantageous results. Mr. Macaulay could scarcely have collected so many materials if he had been wholly impartial in his estimate of the period to which they refer. Still less could a cold and passionless inquirer have made his narrative so generally attractive. He may justly boast, notwithstanding the objections which critics may urge against his composition, that he has taught thousands to read history who had never before attempted so dry a study—and that one of the most obscure portions of English annals is now more familiar to the great mass of educated persons than the struggles of the Commonwealth, the wars of Marlborough, or the loss of America.

#### PAUL FERROLL.\*

PAUL FERROLL is a model English gentleman and a hero of domestic life. He is gentle, brave, full at once of poetry and practical sense, with a heart open to all that is good and beautiful in the world, a most loving husband, an upright magistrate, never weary of doing good to his neighbours, prodigal of his life in times of pestilence, nobly self-possessed in dangerous emergencies, the support, the comfort, and the light of all around him. He has lost his first wife and married a second, who, however, though his second wife, was his first love. His first wife was an inferior and ill-tempered woman, who only caught his heart at a rebound, and by a treacherous intrigue against her more worthy rival. The second wife is an angel; in her Paul Ferroll is entirely wrapped up, and with her he is supremely happy. He will have her all to himself and refuses to mix in society—which, however, is the less eccentric inasmuch as he is a thinker, an essayist, and a poet, while the society in his neighbourhood is that of dull earls, dowagers, and squires. The life of the pair in their manorial Paradise, "The Tower," is an idyl of domestic love, not of the mild Arcadian but of the intenser English kind. Their sympathies are drawn out and deepened by adventures which imperil Paul Ferroll's life, while they display his noble qualities in a stronger light than ever. They have one child, a daughter—like her mother in everything, except that she is more beautiful. If there is virtue and happiness anywhere in the world, it is here. And what do our readers think is the point of the story? The point is, that Mr. Paul Ferroll, with great premeditation and deliberate coolness, murdered his first wife while she was sleeping at his side, in order to marry his second. He confesses the crime at last, after many years, because another person is going to be hanged for it. Mrs. Ferroll dies of horror, and well she may. Ferroll escapes from prison, flies with his daughter to America, and there dies, remarking that some men will say he can be forgiven, some that he cannot. There is a God, and *He* knows.

This idea is a capital hit. The novel is in its third edition. "Strikingly original"—"a phenomenon in literature"—"never to be forgotten"—"grand and fearful force of contrast"—"marvellous"—"powerful effect"—"faultless work of art"—"admirable and almost awful power"—such are the praises of an applauding press. We beg to add the humble tribute of our homage. The book is very horrible, indeed. It may afford a new sensation even to imaginations which have supped full of Harrison Ainsworth and Eugene Sue. It competes successfully with public executions and cases of leprosy. It ought to be put upon the shelf of horrors at the circulating libraries. People ought to pay sixpence extra for reading it, as they do at Madame Tussaud's for seeing the bloody corpse of Marat in his bath. The contrast is almost as grand, and the effect almost as powerful, as though the most amiable and gentle lady of one's acquaintance, in the midst of a conversation on the beauties of Cowper, were suddenly to produce a bloody head and avow herself the author of the deed.

And, thank Heaven! such an incident is just as probable as the history of Paul Ferroll. Let all into whose minds this book has put unhappy thoughts, put those thoughts away again without hesitation. The virtue, innocence, and love around us are not the masks of atrocious crime, but true virtue, innocence, and love. Human nature is a mystery, but it is not a chaos. Violent passions lie fearfully near to heroic virtues; and noble natures sometimes fall into great crimes. But noble natures do not fall into cool, hardened villany and utter villainy. They do not assassinate a sleeping wife, and then bring a new wife to pass years of domestic felicity in the scene of the assassination. They do not offer the hand, the heart, and the infamy of a murderer to the object of their first love. Nature repu-

\* *Paul Ferroll: A Tale.* By the Author of *LX. Poems* by F. Third Edition, with a Concluding Notice. London: Saunders and Otley.



diates the calumny, and so does the true student of nature. Shakespeare has once made a nature intrinsically good commit a great crime. But Othello's crime arises from the excess of what is in itself a noble passion. It is done, not in malice, but in a frenzy of love. It is followed by a tempest of remorse which makes life intolerable for an hour. Paul Ferroll, who is painted as a nobler man than Othello, feels no remorse. He goes through his part with a coolness as diabolical as that of Burke or Hare. He keenly enjoys life in the scene of blood. He luxuriates in the most exquisite sentimentality, and courts the finest inspirations of intellect in a house where every stone cries murder. For eighteen years he carries about, without betraying it by look, word, or sign, a thought which must have eaten his heart away, and which he must have revealed a thousand times over in his sleep to the wife at his side. When expiation comes to him, he flies from it, runs to America, continues his literary pursuits there, and vacates life with an aphorism worthy of Tristram Shandy on his lips. The whole thing is a nightmare, and nothing more.

The subjects of novels are fictions, but novels are realities. The effect which they produce is at least as deep as that which is produced by an essay or a sermon. The novelists have done as much as the Jesuits and the communists to destroy the sense and morality of France. Let those who have gifts for novel writing, then, take care how they use them, and not suppose that they are at liberty to seek, from any source they please, the materials of a sensation. The author of *Paul Ferroll* has great gifts, both of delineation and of style; though we cannot join in praising as a perfect work of art a novel which, among other faults, plainly discloses its grand secret in the first chapter. We hope to see the same pen employed on a more wholesome theme, inspiring happier thoughts, and confirming, not weakening, our faith in virtue.

#### SUPERSTITION AND SCIENCE.\*

WHAT is Superstition? Every one has a tolerably clear notion of what he means by the word; but if he attempts a definition of it, such as will suit general use, he will find himself considerably perplexed. Dr. Maitland was once asked to write the article "Superstition" for a cyclopædia. He declined; but the proposal led him to inquire into the subject, and his conclusion was, that people do not precisely know what they mean by the word:—

I mean no offence to the reader by asking whether, when he calls his neighbour "superstitious," he really means much more than this—that in something which has more or less direct or indirect reference to religion, that neighbour's belief is more comprehensive, or his practice more strict, than his own?

He may, if not correctly, at least pardonably, reply, that the man whom he accuses of superstition is, so far as the excess extends, wrong. But this is not our question. We may all be allowed to think ourselves right, and to hold what we consider either as defect or excess in others to be wrong. Atheists, if there are any, consider Deists as superstitious. Deists think the same of those who believe in divine Revelation. Among those who believe in such Revelation, some reject Miracles, and think those who believe in them superstitious. Some are willing to admit past Miracles, but ridicule the superstition of those who believe the possibility of present or future Miracles. Many who profess to believe in Miracles more generally, and to think that what has happened may happen again, consider it necessary to do so under perpetual and earnest protests against being supposed to credit superstitious nonsense about sorcery, and witchcraft, and ghosts. Many who acknowledge that there are good and evil spirits in existence, hold it to be weak and superstitious to suppose that their agency is in any way employed in the providential government of the world, and to speak of that agency as if it were as much a reality as the acting of men among themselves.

The conclusion, then, to which Dr. Maitland points, is that men consider those who believe more than they do to be superstitious:—

I do not know that much positive or practical evil arises from the vagueness and uncertainty which characterize the word, and leave us in doubt respecting the real character and opinions of those to whom it is applied. Few persons, I suppose, are really much the worse in mind, body, or estate, for being thought superstitious by their neighbours. As to the matter of fact, every man (except those, if there be any such, who have renounced all belief in every thing) is placed somewhere in the scale of credulity; and is looked up at as too high, and down upon as too low, by those who are beneath or above him in faith, just as he is in the matter of learning and money. If we hear that a man is learned, we cannot deny it, for who has not learned something? but it makes a great difference whether the testimony comes from his university or a village ale-house—if he is rich, whether his neighbours and competitors inhabit Finland or Grosvenor-square. And with regard to superstition, we may commonly judge as to the meaning of the word in any particular case, from the general style and character of him who uses it.

To illustrate the views here implied, Dr. Maitland has written a very able and agreeable essay—able, we mean, as a defence of his own position, though we think that position false, and agreeable in the felicity of its illustrations.

It seems to us, that had Dr. Maitland pushed his inquiries further, he would have seen clearly the force of the arguments which annihilate table-turning, spirit-rapping, and clairvoyance; and he would have understood the real meaning of the contest between Science and Superstition, which, if we may say it without impertinence, he does not seem to have thoroughly seized.

We are not prepared with a definition of the word Superstition,

but we think that if all the cases which are classed under that head be considered in what is characteristic, they will be found to be cases in which *Presumptions are elevated into Dogmas*. Superstition belongs to the region *above* evidence. Different minds will place the boundary line at different altitudes; but all minds will place it somewhere, and *beyond the line superstition begins*. Thus those who call belief in ghosts superstitious, do so because they declare there is no evidence, but only hallucination, fancy, presumption, for the belief.

Now, as soon as we have reduced the question to one of evidence, we have not indeed settled it, but simplified it. The ground is circumscribed; the errant tendencies of "man's large discourse of reason" are kept within definite limits. Dr. Maitland distrusts all the scientific explanations of modern mysteries, believing the superstitious faith in mysteries to be more philosophical:—

Knowing that I am liable to be misrepresented, I will repeat, that I am not writing with a view to maintain that clairvoyants see all, or any, of the things which they profess to see, or that any rapping or tapping, or table-turning or talking, is caused by one thing or another—by spirit or by matter. But I do most earnestly say that, whether with reference to this, or to any other subject, broad sweeping charges of fraud, cast about at random, unsupported, and unauthenticated, are in a high degree injurious to the morals and the happiness of the human race. They go directly to destroy the faith of mankind in God, and in one another; and they tend to promote in those who are simple enough to listen to them, a general, stupid, unreasoning scepticism.

Against unreasoning scepticism we are as ready to fight as Dr. Maitland himself; but we protest against unreasoning credulity. He has given us no canon of belief, no criterion at all. Are we to accept every astounding proposition? Are we to believe every miracle? Are we never to doubt? And if doubt is permissible, when? What are the grounds upon which to justify the rejection of a cock-and-bull story?

Dr. Maitland, like thousands of other cultivated men, seems to think that personal respectability is a guarantee for facts (pp. 19, 20), not at all suspecting the excessive complexity of those "matters of fact" which are thought to be so simple. On this point, to save repetition, we beg to refer our readers to a former article in this journal (No. 9, p. 162). It was there shown that a "fact" is, in nine cases out of ten, a bundle of inferences, by no means to be implicitly accepted. Dr. Maitland, not aware of the fallacious nature of statements "relating to matters of fact," and apparently seeing no alternative but fraud and imposture unless the statements are credible, constantly refers to the testimony of respectable witnesses, and does not perceive that their testimony is worthless, because in truth they do not and cannot testify to the real case. For example, he quotes the testimony of a Mr. Prichard, a Fellow of the College of Surgeons, who wrote a pamphlet *against* Table-turning, and who, in a second edition, retracted his arguments, with praiseworthy candour, having subsequently seen reason to doubt their correctness. Surely here is a most trustworthy witness! A gentleman belonging to a scientific profession, a man candid enough to avow his former pamphlet fallacious, is, one would say, worth a host of "highly respectable" witnesses. Well, now observe the nature of his testimony:—

I will now state why I became dissatisfied with my impression that automatic muscular power was the agent used in moving matter by contact with the finger ends. In a word, then, I witnessed several tables taken off their legs, and, by a kind of impulsive force overcoming the force of gravity, and mounting into space, the only agent used being the contact of the finger ends of six hands placed slightly on the table top, and not within three inches of the edge any where.

Mr. Prichard testifies to the fact of the tables mounting into space. So far his evidence is decisive. But no one ever doubted such facts. Unless tables had moved, we should not have heard of table-turning; no hypothetical "spirit," or "electricity," or "volitional projection," could have been offered as explanations. Mr. Prichard, then, testifying what he *did* see, adds nothing to our knowledge. But he is not satisfied with that—he testifies to what he *did not* see. He declares, in unequivocal language, that "the only agent used" was the contact of the fingers. Who told him that there was no other agent? He did not discover one! But he cannot discover the agent in a conjuror's tricks. If there was fraud in this case, and the trick was successful, how could Mr. Prichard's non-detection of it guarantee "the fact" that there was no other agent used except the agent he detected? And if there was no fraud in this case—if the contact of the six fingers with the table really was *all*—does Mr. Prichard pretend to testify to the "fact" of the contact being *simply* contact, and not also *pressure*?

People are so confused in their notions of what a fact is, that they get angry when their testimony is doubted. It seems so simple a matter of fact when a man says, "I did not push," that he reddens with wrath if you tell him you doubt his assertion. He does not perceive that, although "I did not push" is a simple statement of fact, it is not a simple fact, but a delicate and complex fact, which he is stating. If he merely said, "I was not conscious of pushing," he would state a simple fact; but by substituting "I did not," for "I was not conscious," he has relegated the question to another category. The physiologist will tell him of a multitude of unconscious efforts which are very effective although unconscious. He is not conscious, for example, of the adjustment of muscles which keeps his head erect, his body erect, which directs his motions; yet, if the approach of sleep relax those efforts, he quickly becomes aware of them.

\* *Superstition and Science: an Essay.* By the Rev. S. R. Maitland, D.D. Rivingtons. 1855.

When table-turning first came up, Mr. Lewes explained the phenomenon according to well-known physiological laws. Instead of troubling himself with the obvious fact whether the table moved, he investigated the less obvious agent of unconscious muscular action dependent on expectant attention. That is to say, he classed the phenomenon along with other similar phenomena. Afterwards, Faraday, inventing an experiment which demonstrated the truth of this view, gave it the sanction of his weighty authority. The delusion was explained. Table-turning was little heard of. The provinces alone retained it. Even there it gradually died out. But Dr. Maitland and some courageous advocates still maintain its truth; and they do so by a very plausible answer. "Faraday's explanation does not cover *all* the facts." Perhaps not; but it covers the vast majority of facts, and if those cases which it does not cover were scientifically investigated, who can doubt that they would be found, when not impostures, reducible to some other known laws? To doubt this is superstition; for it is to suffer mere *presumptions* to be elevated into *dogmas*—it is to prefer a random hypothesis, sought in the eagerness of ignorance, to those general conclusions which science, based upon millions and millions of facts, furnishes as our guides through the unknown.

Had Dr. Maitland given some of the time to science which he has given to the acquisition of his varied learning, he would have seen the force of Faraday's objection that the law of gravitation, having been established and confirmed by millions of observations, does become a test by which any fact contrary to it can be disproved. Unless such laws are absolute, and are used to test individual facts, all confidence in cause and effect must vanish. If a table is to move *merely* by persons placing their hands *gently* on it, and not pressing, then there is no longer reason for our belief that acids will make salts when they unite with alkalies, or that the sun will rise to-morrow. Chaos has come again. The reign of Chance is inaugurated.

If, when we see a startling phenomenon, we were content to be simply startled, and not make our ignorance the basis of our creed, nor erect our hasty presumptions into dogmas, we should avoid the epithet "superstitious." The table moves; raps are heard; my name is spelled; something strange is told me. I wonder. You ask me the cause of the mystery. *I cannot tell.* All I am able to testify is the fact that the table moved, *not* the fact that the table moved without any one touching it—the fact that raps were heard, *not* that spirits were audible in those raps. No sooner do I quit fact for explanation, than I am before two pathways—one, that of Evidence, the other, that of Superstition!

#### MISS MURRAY ON SLAVERY IN AMERICA.\*

THE Hon. Amelia Murray has written a courageous book on America and Slavery—a book which will give pain to many, and which was evidently not written without pain to herself; but every dispassionate reader will see in it the expression of a truthful mind, sincerely anxious to state neither more nor less than the conclusions forced upon it by evidence. She may be wrong, and we do not say she is right—for we are ourselves in no condition to survey the whole evidence, and from that survey to form a deliberate judgment. But of this we are assured, that, right or wrong, her publication is as praiseworthy as it is fearless; and we consider it but just to give a fair and patient hearing to an author who deliberately and sincerely takes the unpopular side of a great public controversy. From Mrs. Stowe, and from Mr. Carlyle, we have had exaggerations enough to make any temperate statement welcome. Frantic abolitionists and cynical slave-advocates retard the causes they would respectively serve. Slave-holders are not Legrees, nor are negroes nothing but pumpkin-eaters.

Miss Murray went to America in the summer of 1854. She was then an abolitionist, although "already inclined to hope that the Legrees are as much exceptional beings as idle and profligate landholders among ourselves." But this hope was no indication of any partisanship—it was simply the suggestion of an intellect at once kind and sagacious:—

In saying this, I know you will not think me upholding Slavery; Christianity will and must subdue it—not by teaching us to vilify and persecute those less fortunate of our brethren who have had the curse of human possessions entailed upon them—but by enlightening the darkened, and instructing the ignorant; and even (if that should be necessary) making such property valueless in a commercial point of view. No individual selfishness, and no political intrigues, can prevent the wished-for consummation; and I firmly believe there are few, very few, even in the South, who will not hail with joy the moment of emancipation—a movement at present delayed by doubts and fears. This is my first view of a vexed question; I may alter it—I may change it altogether; but in the meanwhile, such as it is, I give it.

We quote this sentence because it shows how far Miss Murray was from going to America with the opinions she expresses before quitting it. Her book simply consists of the letters written from time to time, recording the result of her experience, and the changes her views underwent. The very tone of the letters is significant of a mind thoroughly English, clear, sagacious, free from all affectations, and therefore worthy of respect in any matter of personal testimony. She is not a "strong-minded" woman. She has no theories. She is not sentimental.

\* *Letters from the United States, Cuba, and Canada.* By the Hon. Amelia M. Murray. Two Vols. J. W. Parker and Son. 1856.

She is utterly free from rhetoric. She has no "bursts" of indignation. An accomplished Englishwoman, fond of botany and the pleasant parts of science, at once kindly and keen in observation of people, with the tone of one who has lived in the world, and who has lost in good society all the angles of asperity without losing her sincerity, Miss Murray seems to us as trustworthy a witness as could be found, considering the extent of her opportunities. We lay stress on this point, not only because we ourselves are, as before stated, in no condition to offer an authoritative opinion on the leading topic of her work, but also because the great public, being in precisely the same position, is alternately swayed by the reports of witnesses whose very tone is enough to throw suspicion on what they report.

It is a very complex, a very awful question, this of Slavery; but few orators and writers keep distinctly in mind the fact that it is a question with two aspects. It is abstract, and belongs to simple speculative philosophy, when we ask, Is Slavery in itself moral? It is concrete, and excessively complex, when we ask, Is Slavery a social evil, remediable by legislative interference? The answer to the abstract question will be almost universally negative. There are, indeed, philosophers who proclaim Might to be Right—who believe, with Aristotle, that he who is a slave deserves to be one, and that organic inferiority condemns races and individuals to servitude. But the generality of philosophical thinkers, even among slaveholders, would admit that Slavery, in the abstract, is an evil. In this lies the strength of the abolitionist argument; for the particular cases of cruelty adduced are easily set aside on the ground of their being exceptions. Abolitionists bring forward philosophy and Christianity, as if their opponents denied the abstract proposition. But the real problem lies elsewhere—in the concrete political fact. If all our abstract arguments are to be carried into legislative acts, sad work will be made of the body politic. Think of the Socialist arguments! Think of the Republican axioms! Think of some of the simple maxims of Christianity, which are daily found to be impossible in our present condition!

We are not writing an essay, and must forbear from developing the position here indicated. Enough if, having hinted that the "high *priori* road" is not the true path of transit for this Slavery question, we return to Miss Murray, who grapples with Slavery as it exists, and undertakes to show us how it works. Some of her arguments may be shattered without much difficulty, but her facts are at all events entitled to attention. We have seen her first statement of opinion—now let us hear her when she is somewhat shaken in her old belief:—

I had a long talk with him about the Slavery question, and was much impressed by his calm and statesmanlike views: he is as desirous as any man can be, to see Slavery abolished; but he sensibly says, that, like most other things in connexion with the general welfare, it is to be considered with reference to political economy; and that in our enthusiastic headlong anxiety to do justice to the black race, we have surely (though quite unintentionally) delayed its freedom. This is, I believe, the opinion of Dr. Howe, and other enlightened philanthropists. Twenty-six years ago, New York was a Slave State. How has the curse been shaken off? Not by stringent laws and ill-judged prohibitions, but by the introduction of free labour, which rendered that of bondage expensive and inconvenient—though it does not improve the condition. The wisest people say, that Slavery was on the point of extinguishing itself in the South, when, by rendering the supply piratical, the value of the article was so raised in the market that it became a profitable concern to grow slaves. As Governor Seymour graphically explains the matter:—"If the early settler wanted to buy beef, he must buy the whole ox—hide, horns, and tail; then comes a time when he can procure a quarter; and at last, as population increases, he can go to market and purchase a beef-steak, or any joint most pleasing to his taste. Now the same thing occurs in the case of labour, which, after all, is a marketable commodity. At first it may be necessary to take the whole man; then you can hire part of a man; and in due time you may be able to get so much of the time of a man as may just suit your purpose, without being burthened by his infancy or his old age." Thus we, who have been seeking to check the institution of Slavery by violent means, have unintentionally been prolonging it; but time will repair this mistake, by rendering the possession of slaves an expensive mode of cultivation—that is, if cotton can be cultivated without it. Slavery existed and does exist in Africa, and in a more suffering and degraded form than that of the West Indies, or of the American Southern States. The slaves benefited by their change of servitude; that was a first step towards ultimate freedom; and if, when a sufficient number had been imported, their labour had been naturally rendered of less value by the introduction of others, Slavery would quickly have abolished itself; but anti-slavery laws checked the natural course of Providence; slave-labour increased, and the chain of the African was riveted by his intended emancipator. Another practical exemplification of an "ill-judging friend being worse than an enemy."

Miss Murray quotes from a defence of Slavery the familiar question:—"If the negro is happier here than in his own land, can we say that Slavery is an evil to him? Slaves and masters do not quarrel with their circumstances; is it not hard that the stranger should interfere to make both discontented?" In her view of the case, the whole discussion turns on the point whether the negro is, or is not, happier as a slave. *Uncle Tom* shrieks a negative; but our authoress agrees with those travellers who point to the condition of the negro in his native land and in freedom, compared with that of the negro in slavery:—

There has been malignant abuse lavished upon the slaveholders of America by writers in this country and in England; they consider abuses as its necessary condition, and a cruel master its fair representative. They have no knowledge of the thing abused; they substitute an ideal for a reality. They have shown as little regard for truth and common sense, as we should do if we were to gather up all the atrocities committed in Great Britain by husbands and wives, parents and children, masters and servants, and denounce these several relations in life in consequence of their abuses. If, because of the evils incident to hiring labour, because there are heartless, grinding employers, and miserable, starved labourers, it should be proposed to abolish



work for hire, it would be quite as logical as the argument for the abolition of slavery because there are sufferings among slaves, and hard hearts among masters.

Miss Murray regards the negroes as organically an inferior race, incapable of self-government, and fit only to be governed. Probably without having read Aristotle, she utters the sentiment of the author of the *Politics*. She boldly says:—"It has pleased Providence to make them barbarian, and as barbarian they must be governed." And elsewhere:—"They are devoted servants and miserable free people. This fact it is impossible to state too often or too decidedly. *The Creator of men formed them for labour under guidance*, and there is probably a providential intention of producing some good Christian men and women out of it in time. *We have been blindly endeavouring to counteract this intention.*" This familiarity with the designs of the Creator, although to be met with in numberless books and speeches, is scarcely what we should have expected from a writer like Miss Murray; and, used as the basis of an argument for slavery, it will lay her open to just criticism. Somewhat more to her purpose are certain facts which she noticed, *e.g.*:—

Mr. Cooper tells me he once tried the capabilities of some of the most active among his people, by giving them the cultivation of fifty acres for themselves; the first season, under direction, the plantation cleared fifteen hundred dollars, which he took good care to give them in silver, hoping that would excite their industry; the next year, left to their own management, the crop lessened one half; and the third season they let the land run to waste, so that it was useless to permit them to retain it. Yet these very same people will labour readily and pleasantly under good superintendence.

Or what she heard in the prattle of a black servant:—

She tells me the coloured people are well content and happy; that she was "raised in Virginny," and came here from Richmond; that masters and mistresses about are very tender of their people; that she has got her husband and three children, babies almost, the youngest an infant, then in the house; she does odd jobs after dinner, but she says that on the plantations it is not often the people work after dinner (she is munching something all this while); they have usually task-work, which can be quickly done if they choose; that the black population don't like bacon—"they likes to have fresh meat three times a-day, and what they likes beside." She seemed utterly astonished when I told her that the English working-people could seldom get meat at all, and that they had not as much firing as they chose, &c. &c. "Lord bless you, missus, that would never do at all here; why, some of the coloured ones have got a'most as much jewellery as their missuses; they gets their own way tolerable somehow; and they very often desires to be sold when they be affronted." "Emily" thought that in England slaves would have it all their own way entirely; and this is the idea the darkies have of freedom: plenty to eat and drink, finery to their heart's content—no work. Here they despise the free negroes. One woman was offered her freedom in my hearing; she took the offer as an insult, and said, "I know what the free niggers are, missus: they are the meanest niggers as ever was; I hopes never to be a free nigger, missus." A slave quarrelling with another black, after calling him names, at last sums up as the acme of contempt, "You be a d—d nigger without a master!" This is the consequence of the fact that free negroes being idle and profligate, are generally poor and miserable. A common reproach among them is to say, "You be's as bad as a free nigger."

She also quotes the following opinion from Bishop Elliott, with reference to the general condition of the slaves:—

"As race, they are steadily improving. So far from the institution being guilty of degrading the negro, and keeping him in degradation, it has elevated him in the scale of being much above his nature and race, and it is continuing to do so. Place an imported African (of whom a few still remain) side by side with one of the third or fourth generation, and the difference is so marked that they look almost like distinct races—not only in mind and knowledge, but in physical structure.

"That monkey face, the result of an excessively obtuse facial angle, has become, without any admixture of blood, almost as human as that we are accustomed to see in the white race, and it has a facial angle as distinctly a right angle as that which belongs to the Caucasian family. The thick lips have become thin—the dull eye is beaming with cunning, if not with intelligence; the understanding is acute and ingenious. Their knowledge, when they have been instructed by missionaries or by owners, is respectable. A man has been made out of a barbarian, an intelligent and useful labourer out of an ignorant savage—a Christian and a child of God out of a heathen; and this is called degrading the African race, by holding them in slavery!"

This last citation, however, though it is intended to tell in favour of slavery as a temporary benefit, and not wholly an evil, also tells against the assumed non-educability of the negro race. But our present object is not to argue the question either on one side or on the other, but simply to draw attention to the statements on which Miss Murray grounds the conclusion that slavery in the United States, with all its evils, is, on the whole, beneficial—the good largely preponderating, although there is much to be said of the evil. Dispassionate readers may see reason to dissent from her conclusions, but it will, at all events, be perceived that they are not developed out of abstract argument or high-flown rhetoric—they are the result of actual inspection. As she says:—

The subject in question is too serious a matter to be blinked for the sake of any individual friendship or individual interest, and at any cost I must sacrifice the opinions and impressions of friends to my own honest convictions. I might hesitate or doubt, if I trusted only or wholly to my own unaided judgments and perceptions; but when these are justified by the opinions of nearly all the people who appear to me in other respects the best and wisest on this side the Atlantic—for though authority may not be much, evidence is a great deal—I feel supported and encouraged by a hope that I may at any rate do something to counteract the evils which in my judgment have arisen out of mistaken and superficial inquiries. Northern clergymen in Florida, Scotch ministers in the North, and bishops with dioceses each as large as all England; men devoted to religion, charity, and learning—self-sacrificers, fearless, incorruptible; men who have never quailed or hesitated in the most difficult and awful paths of duty, when cholera lay on their right hand and yellow fever on their left; Bishops of Georgia and Louisiana—Elliott, the nurse, the comforter, the comforter—walking calmly about among the pestilential corpses of thousands of his fellow-citizens—can such a man as this be blinded by interest or prejudice to say that apparent slavery is in most cases real freedom to

the black man, and a severe trial of responsibility only to the white? I cannot help fearing that we have been running a tilt against civilization and the best interests of religion, whilst in our ignorance we have fancied ourselves the champions of Christendom.

Our remarks on slavery have extended so far that we have not been able to say a word about the other subjects treated by Miss Murray in these *Letters*; but we may take an opportunity of recurring to the work, and treating it simply as a book of travel, without further reference to the grave political and social question to which we have at present confined our attention.

#### TOLLA.\*

THIS striking and beautiful tale appeared originally in the pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, was subsequently published in a separate volume, and has recently been translated into English. It owes the great effect it is calculated to produce, not so much to the merits of its plot or its characters, as to the novelty of the society it paints, and the force and life with which that society is presented to us. The scene is laid in modern Rome, and we are placed in the midst of Roman society, and made to see it as it is—so peculiar and so narrow, so alive to religious impressions, so blunted in its moral perceptions—not by direct description, but by subtle touches of narration, and the gradual progress of the story. It is one of those books the excellence of which consists in producing a general impression which is incapable of a clear and condensed analysis. As *Gil Blas* gradually and imperceptibly makes us know Spain, and the *Arabian Nights* teaches us the playfulness of Eastern demonology, so *Tolla* makes us at home in modern Rome—the Rome not of foreign tourists, but of Italian families. It is a book by itself—a book that has something in it not to be found elsewhere; and it has, therefore, a value neither impaired by its defects nor dependent on its beauties. We must own, its faults are considerable—a frequent flippancy of style, a theatrical arrangement of sentences, and a crudity of plot. On the other hand, it has great beauties. It gives, what it is so difficult to give, the picture of a love at once pure and demonstrative—it evinces a lively feeling for the varied influences of nature, and a keen observation of the more delicate traits of character and the more hidden springs of action. But the reader may very easily forget alike the defects and the beauties of its parts in the pleasure he derives from the whole, and he may care little for style or plot when he has procured so intimate an introduction to the interior of Italian life.

Tolla is the daughter of Count Feraldi, a Roman of noble and ancient family. She has one brother who bears the name of Toto. The gaiety, freedom, and innocence of their early years are briefly and happily described. Tolla is of a simple and affectionate disposition, and much impressed by the ceremonial display of the church; she has an especial affection for St. Joseph, of whom she speaks, and whom she addresses, much as an English girl would speak of and address a favourite grandfather. She goes to school, is a model scholar, gains all the prizes, and receives a gold cross of honour. At last she enters society, and all Rome is in raptures with her loveliness and her vivacity. The air of happiness seems to float round her early youth, and to place her among those privileged persons who appear justified in expecting that the noon and evening of life will be as bright as the morning. It is the character of this happiness, its reality, its unforced completeness, that at once makes Tolla a distinct and palpable creation. There is an absence of all pretension in the portrait that is drawn of her. She is nothing but a young girl brought up in a loving home, with rather more than a usual share of beauty, generosity, and wit, but so little out of the common way that what happens to her seems to happen to an acquaintance of the author, not to the heroine of a story.

Tolla, in her second season, excites the admiration of Prince Manuel Coromila, and the hatred of Madame von Fratièr, a Russian adventuress who wishes to appropriate the prince for her daughter. The prince is the heir of a house enormously wealthy and enormously proud, who consider an alliance with any but a princely house beneath them. Manuel, or as he is familiarly named, Lello, is a handsome cold-hearted fool. He loves Tolla, who returns his passion; but he is so prudent, so cool, and so much afraid of his family, that months pass away without his declaring himself. Tolla suffers, and her family are enraged. At last, pique, the persuasion of a friend, and a fit of the kind of resolution which marks a weak character, make Lello act—he formally asks Tolla of her parents, and they are betrothed. We are not suffered to delay long at this turning point of their fortune, but one scene is given in which the betrothed pair walk in the garden of the Feraldi palace, enjoying the freshness of an Italian evening, and discoursing of the beginning and the hopes of their love. Nothing can be more charming than this portion of the story. The local colouring is so admirable—Tolla loves so frankly—and Lello is better than himself.

The trials of a woman who loves a man unworthy of her soon begin. Tolla and her parents go to Lariccis—Manuel stays at Rome to attend on his father. He feels he must write to Tolla, but is in great difficulty as to what he should say and how he

\* *Tolla*. Par Edmond About. Paris. 1855.

*Tolla*. By Edmond About. Translated by L. C. C. Edinburgh: Constable and Co. 1855.

should say it, for letter writing is not an art he shines in. At last he hammers out a few stiff and awkward lines, in which he describes an evening party he has attended, and the progress of the cholera in Rome. In return for this interesting communication, Tolla despatches ten pages "less an answer to his, than a postscript to their conversation in the garden." Two more of Lello's letters are given, principally touching on the cholera. At last he comes to see her, and Tolla and her parents ride to meet him. She comes with a heart full of devotion, longing to throw herself into her lover's arms—she finds a starved young man dressed in the height of fashion, who makes a speech he has been practising for a week beforehand. Disgusted, she turns her horse's head, and indignantly leaves him. A few hours afterwards, she writes a letter of penitence for her hastiness. Her friends, however, take her back to Rome, thinking Lello too weak to be trusted at a distance. Here she is exposed to the basest insinuations against her character, set on foot by Madame von Fratiel—and also to a greater danger, for Monsignor Rouquette, the villain of the piece, a sort of ecclesiastical blackleg, is hired by the Coromila family to break off the match. He takes Lello to a villa at Albano, and, without openly opposing his love, shows him the pleasures of a bachelor's life. Lello learns the lesson quickly, and when his brother leaves Italy to celebrate his marriage with an Englishwoman, he is so enchanted by the sight of new clothes, new liveries, and new equipages, and his imagination is so excited by the prospect of English and French gaiety, that he determines to leave Tolla and go to England. Before going, he is persuaded by a friend of the Feraldi family to take the strongest measure possible by which he may publicly declare his betrothal, and make his engagement irrevocable. He places Tolla in a convent to await his return. Then he sets off, and, under the guidance of Rouquette, indulges in all the amusements of London and Paris. At Paris, he plunges into a vulgar intrigue with a fifth-rate actress, and is so infatuated by indulgence in his stupid pleasures that he writes an insulting letter to Count Feraldi, which proves the death-warrant of Tolla. She learns to know what Lello is, but she pays for her knowledge by her life. According to the ordinary course in which stories run, it was easy to foresee the catastrophe; but there is something unnecessarily coarse in the machinery employed. It is, perhaps, like real life that a selfish and weak youth should forget the love of a woman too good for him, in the blandishments of an actress; but it is a piece of real life we could dispense with. The purity of Tolla is unnecessarily insulted.

Such is the outline of the story; but no outline can indicate the main charm of the volume. By many subtle strokes, by many incidents that no one would have dared to introduce unless intimately acquainted with Roman society, we are made to feel that we are at the centre of ecclesiastical government. Perhaps the most singular specimen of Roman life is given in connexion with a petition which, towards the end of the story, Count Feraldi presents to the Cardinal-Vicar. In this he recounts the history of Tolla from her childhood, setting forth her excellences, her school triumphs and early happiness, and then narrating the events of her disastrous engagement. The matter is taken up by the Cardinal-Vicar; not because Lello is a bad man who has done a wrong, and Tolla a good girl who has suffered one, but because Lello has in writing appealed to God to bear witness to his sincerity. This appeal gives the authorities a right to interfere; and after mature investigation, the dreadful penalty is inflicted on Lello of having an *advertatur* affixed to his name, the effect of which is, neither to make him marry Tolla, nor to atone for his guilt, but simply to warn him gently not to marry any one else. The simple ingenuousness of the petition, the grounds on which the judge acts, and the puerility of the punishment, are all in the highest degree indicative of the sort of society in which such things are possible. The great error which pervades this society, making it weak, and unreal, and unhealthy, is the treatment of wrong-doing as sin. The relations which exist between an individual and his Maker ought not to govern the relation in which that individual stands to human society. If wrong-doing is looked on as sin, penitence, of course, wipes out the offence. A criminal is judged of, not by the facts of his crime, but by the state of his heart. Thus honour, the sense of indignation at wrong, and the love of justice perish out of society, because external consequences are disregarded, and only unseen feelings taken into account. Great virtues may co-exist with such a state of things, for there are numbers born with happy natures and placed in happy circumstances, who never injure their neighbours. We may have Tollas, as we have Lellos. But the absence of any attempt to discern wrong, and to punish it when discerned, saps the foundation of good government; and if we want any practical commentary on the fictitious character of Lello, we may readily find it in the daily history of the States of the Church.

#### JEANNE D'ALBRET, QUEEN OF NAVARRE.\*

THE lives of Jeanne d'Albret and Marguerite d'Angoulême belong to that agreeable class of compositions which the French entitle *Mémoires* and the Germans *Monographies*—special episodes selected from the general history of an era or a

\* *The Life of Jeanne d'Albret, Queen of Navarre, from numerous unpublished sources, &c.* By Martha Walker Freer, author of *The Life of Marguerite d'Angoulême*. 2 vols., post 8vo. London. 1855.

nation. Miss Freer's work partakes, in some measure, of the character of each of these classes. It is less lively in its tone than a French *Mémoire*, less complete in its details than a German *Monography*; yet it is on the whole a readable book, and an acceptable supplement to the annals of one of the most important periods of the ancient French monarchy.

The readers of the *Life of Marguerite d'Angoulême* will have been prepared to expect from the same hand a biography of her daughter and successor. The career of the younger of these remarkable women was a sequel to that of the former. Marguerite promoted actively in her day the cause of the Reformed Religion in France; and Jeanne succeeded, almost by right of heritage, to the religious innovations of her mother. Marguerite was the more brilliant and accomplished of the two Queens; her life, though chequered by great reverses, was the more steadily prosperous of the two; and the affection and support of her royal brother secured for her a position of advantage which Jeanne never possessed. Misfortune was the permanent inheritance of the younger Queen of Navarre, but in the school of adversity, the virtues which she inherited were disciplined and matured; and if the image of Marguerite be the more captivating, that of Jeanne is the more august.

Jeanne died in her forty-fourth year; yet she had already numbered too many years of sorrow. Other female sovereigns, the two Giovanna of Naples, Jacqueline of Holland, and Mary of Scotland, drank, indeed, deeper than Jeanne of the waters of affliction; but their troubles were the consequences of their own guilt or indiscretion. But no crime, or suspicion of crime, dims the fair mirror of Jeanne's reputation. She was alike admirable as a daughter, a wife, a mother, and a sovereign. Sometimes, indeed, the rigour of her principles betrayed her into actions inconsistent with sound policy and her own maturer judgment. Yet these deviations from prudence were few—surprisingly few, indeed, if the temptations to them be considered; and though beset on all sides by the open or secret machinations of such foes as Julius the Second, Philip of Spain, and Catherine de Medici, she not only maintained to the last the integrity of her dominions, but inspired new vigour into the hearts and councils of the Navarrese and Béarnois. Excepting only Elizabeth of England, whom she in some respects resembled, the sixteenth century produced no sovereign, male or female, superior in virtue or in wisdom to the good Queen Jeanne.

Her adversities were relieved by few consolations. She possessed, indeed, the love of her children and her subjects, and left her little kingdom more flourishing than she received it. But her childhood was overcast by the prospect of a hateful marriage with the Duke of Cleves—a prince odious from his own vices, and the descendant of a family stained with abnormal crimes. Her youth was clouded by an infelicitous union. Antoine de Bourbon was endowed by nature with the superficial graces of beauty, and by education with the accomplishments of the tilt-yard and the presence-chamber. But, beyond a form "framed to make women false," he possessed no good gift. His talents were below mediocrity; he was infirm of purpose, passionate, and treacherous; he had all the vices of Darnley, except his drunkenness, and was as unfit for public life as Andreas of Hungary. Philip, Catherine de Medici, and the Pope, had no more serviceable ally than Antoine de Bourbon. Through him they were enabled to thwart the best devised schemes of his consort, to multiply divisions in Navarre, and at one time nearly to effect their darling project of expelling its sovereign from her dominions. In the early portion of their married life, Antoine's extravagant zeal for the Reformed Religion imperilled Jeanne's popularity with her subjects—afterwards, his indiscreet partisanship with the Catholics endangered it equally. Alike without faith or moral dignity, he was the dupe of the French Queen and the butt of the Guises; and when, on the death of Henry II., he became, as first prince of the blood, the lawful guardian of the minor Charles IX., and the lieutenant of France, he displayed follies that would have disgraced the meanest favourite of Charles VII. Jeanne had been deeply enamoured of Antoine, but she was never blind to his faults; and it was one of her most bitter afflictions to discover that her affections had been thrown away on a fool.

In her children, Jeanne was more fortunate. Henry of Navarre, afterwards the most heroic of French monarchs, was a most promising and duteous son, and, in his mother's lifetime at least, did not exhibit the vices of his character. Her daughter Catherine emulated her mother's example, and preserved her fame unspotted in an almost universally corrupt world. Yet the fate of her son was, nearly from his birth, a subject of acute anxiety to Jeanne. The heir of Béarn and Navarre, and the future head of the House of Bourbon, was too important a personage to be suffered to dwell apart from the French Court. As the first prince of the blood, as the probable leader of the Huguenots, as the destined ruler of dominions equally coveted by France and Spain, Henry was a hostage indispensable to the House of Valois. Of all Courts in Europe, that of the Tuileries was the last school which a pious and prudent mother would have chosen for her son; of all guardians, Catherine de Medici was the least to be trusted; yet, during more than twelve years of his life, Jeanne was compelled to confide her darling to the most vicious of schools and to the least trustworthy of guardians, and at last only rescued him from their clutches by a dexterous subterfuge.



The life of Jeanne was little more than one long struggle with the most formidable and opposite difficulties and dangers. Her patrimonial Béarn was sound at the core; but it was a county rather than a kingdom, and, although the majority of its inhabitants were staunch Huguenots, there was also a powerful minority of Catholics. Of one-half of Navarre, and of the capital of her ancestors, Perpignan, Ferdinand of Arragon had taken wrongful possession in the previous century. The portion which remained to her was menaced by Philip, and envied by France; and the Navarrese were divided between a Spanish and Catholic, and a native Huguenot faction. The appanage of the House of Bourbon was imperfectly attached to the hereditary Sovereigns of Béarn; and, although Jeanne's dominions might be crossed by a well-mounted horseman in three days, they were nearly as much divided as the provinces of Spain and Austria, so far as concerned the feelings and creeds of her subjects. It is most interesting and instructive to trace, in Miss Freer's narrative, the undaunted courage and the generally unflinching skill with which Jeanne steered her course through a channel obstructed by so many open or secret shoals. Envied by great military Powers, she preserved her dominions intact. Assailed by the thunders of the Vatican, she curbed her Catholic subjects, purified the Church, and endowed with its possessions Reformed cathedrals and universities. Abandoned by her rightful protector, she contrived to make his rights respected in the Bourbonnais. By her frugality, she enabled the Béarnese exchequer to meet the unusual demands of war or preparation for war; by her activity and spirited address, she infused into her soldiers a courage equal to her own; and while she awed Philip's viceroys in southern Navarre, who from the crests of the Pyrenees watched eagerly the lowlands of Béarn, her generals, D'Arros and Montgomery, kept watch and ward in her fortresses, or swept the chivalry of France from her little principality. By her firmness and gentleness she won over to her side even the disaffected; amidst the most harassing anxieties she found leisure to revise, amend, and codify the laws of her subjects; and although assailed by the most artful diplomatists of the age, the Cardinal of Lorraine, the son of Anthony Perrenot, and the sleepless intriguer Catherine, she mated and mastered them all, playing off the jealousy of the Gallican Church against the Vatican, and the fears of the French people against the threatened invasion of Spain.

Jeanne d'Albret was the ally—we might almost term her the friend—of Elizabeth of England. The letters which the English sovereign addressed to the Queen of Navarre display almost a warm affection, and certainly a very high admiration for her royal sister. Elizabeth interposed effectually, on more than one occasion, in Jeanne's behalf, and opened her purse-strings to the Béarnois with a liberality standing in marked contrast to her chary dealings, at nearly the same time, with the Dutch and Flemish insurgents. The stage on which Jeanne's part was acted was, indeed, much less splendid and secure than that of Elizabeth. Béarn was not entrenched by the narrow seas; and France and Spain were more formidable rivals than Scotland and Mary Stuart. Béarn was not destined to become a leading power in Europe; no after-glories left their trail of light upon the deeds and revolutions of its sons. No statesmen like Burleigh or Walsingham sat at Jeanne's council-table—no poets like Spenser or Shakspeare shed their meridian blaze upon her reign. She was not served by a Sidney—no Raleigh, Essex, or John de Vere bowed at her shrine. Yet, if Jeanne enjoyed little of the splendour, she exhibited none of the weaknesses of Elizabeth. She was not, at one and the same time, a peerless Queen and a capricious and vain woman, now electrifying all her realm by her royal speech and demeanour, and anon over-acting the part of a heartless coquette. Both were learned women; but the learning of Jeanne was more solid and useful to her people than that of Elizabeth. It enabled her to perform better service to her subjects than gratifying Roger Ascham by her proficiency in Greek, or startling ambassadors by her pure Latin. It qualified her to comprehend the great religious problems of the day, to pierce the web of diplomacy, and to disentangle the knotty inconsistencies of the law. In the following century, Béarn was absorbed by France; but, until the Revolution of 1789 swept away every former barrier of distinction, the Béarnois remained "a peculiar people," "an old and haughty nation strong in arms" and in their usages; and they regarded as the charter of their liberties the "Laws of the good Queen Jeanne."

It remains for us to tender our acknowledgments to Miss Freer for her memoirs of a Princess whose name, though eclipsed by that of her heroic son, "should not willingly be let die." The faults of Henry IV. were palpable; but they were more than compensated by his virtues; and it is but fair to ascribe the latter to the careful discipline of his wise and watchful mother. Of the statesmen who rendered the reign of Henry glorious, no one was more justly deemed wise by his contemporaries, or has been more justly famous with posterity, than Maximilian de Rosny, Duke of Sully; and the political education of De Rosny was conducted by Jeanne d'Albret. She may be regarded, accordingly, as the informing spirit of the generation which followed her; while, as Miss Freer's volumes amply prove, and as even our own brief sketch may show, the 16th century possessed no sovereign more faithful to her position or more remarkable for her abilities than Jeanne d'Albret.

## THE ARTS OF TRAVEL AND CAMPAIGNING.\*

IT is difficult to over-rate the value of experience, accompanied by habits of self-reliance. No system of education, however perfect, can accomplish for a man so much in this way as a few years spent in travel, or in a foreign campaign. In either case he is thrown entirely, from time to time, upon his own resources, and his powers of invention, no less than of endurance, are thoroughly tested. This is fully acknowledged by the author of the *Art of Travel*, who has had considerable experience of human nature under its rudest forms, and given proof of remarkable tact and ingenuity, as well as of courage and perseverance, in overcoming the difficulties which have crossed his path. At the same time, he is not of the number of those who think that no experience is worth anything which you do not pay a heavy price for. On the contrary, he holds that the results of experience are capable of being systematically taught and communicated to others, not by any royal road, but by a process analogous to that by which all arts are learned—by simultaneous employment of the head and hand. With this view he has given to the world, in the *Art of Travel*, a collection of his own observations made during several years of exploration in Africa, together with much valuable information gathered from other sources. His object is, to enable every man to shift for himself, and to remedy by his own skill the defects of ordinary education, which only teaches men to act as parts of a machine. Mr. Galton does not pretend to say that a tailor is not the fittest person to make clothes, a cobbler to mend shoes, and a baker to make bread; but he supposes the traveller launched in a wild country, where he must be his own tailor, cobbler, and baker, or else go without clothes, shoes, and bread.

The case is a very likely one to happen to travellers and emigrants; and the vicissitudes of a foreign campaign render its occurrence to our officers and soldiers not only probable, but inevitable. Our first year's experience in the Crimea has shown us how lamentably deficient in the arts of every-day life is the British soldier. The sight of so much misery, the result of ignorance and want of tact, induced Mr. Galton to offer his services to Lords Panmure and Hardinge, in instructing the militia regiments encamped at Aldershot in the necessary art of campaigning. With their permission and assistance, he established a rude laboratory and museum upon the heath; and his inaugural lecture gives a programme of the course of training to which he proposes to submit his classes, with the reasons which should induce them to profit by the instructions offered. The following extracts will give a definite notion of the author's purpose:—

I do not profess to explain the complicated processes of manufacture used in civilized countries, but I aim at showing all those ways of obtaining necessities and what are well called "necessary comforts" that a man may practise when encamped out in the field.

I desire to offer opportunities to all officers who choose to accept them, by which they may learn these things, and acquire skill to practise them. I wish to convey knowledge and manual dexterity, for neither without the other will ever be of much avail.

Briefly, Mr. Galton proposes to convey knowledge by means of sketches, models, and books, with oral explanations; and to impart manual dexterity by affording every facility to those who are disposed to try their hand at making such implements as are in most constant and daily use. He says:—

In the palisaded plot of ground, between the huts, you can sit and work just as roughly as you would in the Crimea, and you will from time to time have intelligent workmen to assist you in your difficulties, and explain the use of the tools you work with.

He also recommends all who have learnt any particular art, as drawing, turning, carpentering, and so forth, to practise making for themselves all the tools and appliances required for that art:—

Unless (he says) we learn to draw our supplies direct from nature, and not through the medium of manufactories, we may sit with our hands folded in unwilling idleness, and complaining of want, when we are really in the midst of abundance, and surrounded by opportunities of using them. So with the carpenter: he may be an excellent workman in London, but useless in the field; for he may have nothing but growing trees at hand, and yet not know to season green wood to a sufficient degree for working in a single night; he may not be enough of a blacksmith to repair or make his awls and other small tools when he has nowhere to buy them; he may become disheartened because he has no nails, and is unpractised in using substitutes for them; he may be without proper tools at all, and be unable to teach others how to fell and rudely to fashion trees for his use by means of fire, directing the encroachments of the flame by judicious scrapings and quenchings; it is possible he may not be able to soften the temper of his axe when he finds it shiver against the hard wood which alone he can procure to work with, or do other of the many matters which are quite necessary that he should be an adept in, before he is fitted to take the field.

From these extracts our readers will gather a fair notion of Mr. Galton's inaugural lecture, and of the benefits likely to accrue from his superintendence of the classes of mechanical arts at Aldershot. It will be seen that his remarks do not apply to officers only, but that all ranks will have an opportunity afforded them of learning useful arts and contrivances. It must, however, be by the encouragement which the men receive from their

\* *The Art of Travel: or, Shifts and Contrivances available in Wild Countries.* By Francis Galton, Esq., Author of *Explorations in Tropical South Africa.* Murray. 1855.

*Arts of Campaigning: an Inaugural Lecture, delivered at Aldershot.* By Francis Galton, Esq. Murray. 1855.

officers, and by the example which is set them, that they will be induced to learn what they will hereafter stand in need of. It is to be hoped that the second experiment, made under more favourable auspices—i.e., with more leisure from field duties on the part of the officers and men, and greater experience in lecturing on Mr. Galton's part—will be as successful as it deserves to be; and that the arts of campaigning, now taught by an enterprising amateur, will hereafter be made subjects of professional training.

In the inaugural lecture, Mr. Galton refers to the "Art of Travel" as a general repository of useful hints for emigrants, travellers, or soldiers. For the purpose of reference, it will be found to be admirably adapted; for that of reading straight ahead, it is less suited, owing to its condensed form. Nevertheless, any one who is of a Robinson Crusoe turn of mind will be much interested by it. To travellers and explorers it must be invaluable. The simplicity of the style and the clearness of the directions make it intelligible to every one; and if copies of the book were liberally supplied to regiments ordered out on foreign service, especially in rough countries, many a life might be saved which now falls a sacrifice to ignorance and want of precaution.

Many of the observations in the Art of Travel are gleaned from books of voyages and travels. Those which are original show great acuteness and practical common sense. No one, perhaps, who has written on the subject has combined scientific knowledge with readiness of invention so completely as our author. This was observed in the case of Mr. Galton's first book, *Explorations in Tropical South Africa*. Since the appearance of that publication, he seems to have employed his time in putting together all kinds of odds and ends of information, and systematizing them. It is rare to find the peculiar combination of qualities which he possesses; they are such as would make him a first-rate leader of a band of colonial adventurers. We congratulate the military authorities on having secured Mr. Galton's services, and we trust that his success will repay him for the time and attention which he has devoted to his object—that of enabling others to shift for themselves in an enemy's country, or in thinly populated and uncivilized districts.

#### A SHORT TREATISE ON THE STAVE.\*

WE do not suppose that there is anything in the doctrine of this little treatise that will admit of discussion even by the most rigorous critic. It is, we believe, the orthodox and universally accepted doctrine, but we doubt if it has ever before been so clearly set forth. We call attention to the work as one of the most remarkable examples we have met with of successful exposition—as a very model of the art of teaching by book.

The main secret of Mr. Hullah's success appears to lie in his combining with the clearest conception of his subject in his own mind the hypothesis that his reader knows nothing about it whatever. In this spirit, he leaves nothing necessary for the understanding of it unexplained. Some readers may consequently be told over again several things that they know already; but this inconvenience is as nothing in comparison with the opposite defect. Many an elementary book is little better than such a bridge as Mirza saw in his vision, with half the arches broken down, or a series of stepping-stones across a brook, so arranged that it is all but impossible to get to the one nearest the bank. Or the inconsiderate author, professing and undertaking to enable us to climb the heights of knowledge, has provided a ladder which either hangs in the air far above our heads, or, if it rests on the ground, wants half-a-dozen of the lowest rounds. Such an apparatus may answer for an airy, light-heeled spirit here and there, but it is nearly useless for individuals of the average density and gravitation. Ordinary men cannot be expected, in studying either the Scale or anything else, to hop like sparrows, or bound like kangaroos, over otherwise impassable chasms. They must have a made road along which to move, not a mere segment of infinite space. It is as if a learned writer should ask us to dine with him—his dinner must be sufficient for the emptiest and hungriest stomachs, not calculated on the assumption (however probable) that some of the guests may have half-dined beforehand.

Natural and logical method, and the avoidance of every kind of ambiguity or cloudiness of expression—these are the simple and obvious principles upon which Mr. Hullah has performed his task. Above all, he has begun at the beginning. Without that, nothing can be done. From the manner in which the writer of what pretends to be an elementary treatise sometimes sets out, one would almost take him for some inspired dramatist who has shot madly from his sphere—

in medias res,  
Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit.

There is no getting, it is true, at the absolute ABC of anything; but we can always at least start with our explanation from the point where our subject branches off from the general stock of knowledge. This is sufficiently done, for instance,

by Mr. Hullah in the present case, by his commencing statement:—

There are but three musical sounds the pitch of which can be absolutely expressed by written characters, viz., the *Do* or *C*, produced by 256 vibrations of an elastic body per second, called by the old masters *C solfaut*, and by us *middle C* of the pianoforte. 2. The *Sol* or *G*, a fifth above this *Do*. 3. The *Fa* or *F*, a fifth below it.

From this he goes on to the characters, or marks, called *Clefs* and *Notes*—the Natural Scale—the Great Stave of eleven lines, embracing the notation of the twenty-three diatonic sounds between the lowest of the male and the highest of the female voice—the division of this into the two staves of five lines each, on which pianoforte music is commonly written—the nature of Bass, Tenor, Contralto, Soprano, and other distinctions of voice—the various Staves of five lines—Staves of other kinds—and lastly the proper method of learning to play or read from Score—

An object (he remarks in his Preface) which will repay with large interest whatever time or pains may be spent in attaining it. The vocal or instrumental performer whose attention has been chiefly concentrated on his own part, and the pianoforte-player who has had to content himself with *arrangements* for his instrument, in entering on the study of the intact creation of a musician—his *Score*—will experience pleasure and surprise like that of a scholar, who, after his curiosity has been stimulated by a fragment or a translation of a great literary work, is put in possession of a perfect copy of the original.

The five short chapters in which all this ground is gone over, are followed by a selection of exercises for practice from the works of Hasler, Morley, Palestrina, Bach, and other composers.

We will only add, that we like the affectionate spirit in which Mr. Hullah writes of his art. He regards with the feeling of a true musician the various schemes which have been proposed by ingenious speculators for the improvement of the existing musical notation:—

A candid study of the subject will probably show that, so far from being the clumsy and complex instrument described or imagined by *phonographers*, the stave is one of the most perfect and simple of human inventions, and that any difficulties which may be found in the application of its powers belong, not to the thing itself, but to the misunderstanding and the misuse of it.

#### FLOURENS ON HUMAN LONGEVITY.\*

WE are so accustomed to look upon threescore years and ten as our allotted span of existence, that it really almost seems as if those who happen to live beyond it were guilty of something very like a breach of morality; and should they have the audacity to reach fourscore without giving any sign of their days being full of labour and sorrow, we are apt to consider it as a mere anomaly for which there is no accounting. Yet in the treatise which M. Flourens has given us upon Longevity, he has made it his business to show that, whatever may have been the term of life in the days of Moses, a century, and not three score years and ten, may now be regarded as the normal limit of human existence. Hitherto, he seems to think, we have not been sufficiently aware how large a fund of vital power we have at our command, nor how much it may be increased by adherence to a simple but severe regimen, from which, if we would attain to a good and happy old age, it must be our care never to depart.

It will soon be fifteen years, M. Flourens informs us, since he began a course of researches into the physiological law of the duration of life, both in man and in some of the domestic animals—the results of his observations being that one hundred years is the normal, and two hundred years the extreme, limit of the life of man. Few, he acknowledges, reach even the ordinary term, but then how few live in such a way as to attain to it! What with his passions, habits, and anxieties, man does not die a natural death, but rather commits suicide. Yet in spite of all these things, we occasionally meet with persons who have lived a hundred years, even when they have been men of delicate constitutions, such as Cornaro, Fontenelle, &c. Parr, we know, reached a far greater age, and might have lived still longer, had not a little freer indulgence in food than usual brought on an attack of indigestion which caused his death.

In solving the problem of the duration of life, M. Flourens agrees with Buffon, who is of opinion that it is connected in some way or other with the period at which an animal arrives at its full growth, and that there is a certain proportion between the number of years spent in reaching that period and the natural term of life. Buffon, however, was at a loss to determine the sign by which the precise period may be known; M. Flourens finds it in the union of the bones with their epiphyses. Until this takes place, an animal continues to grow in the direction of its height, but all growth ceases as soon as this union is effected. Now the time at which this change occurs in the horse, is when it attains five years of age, and its ordinary term of life is twenty-five years; in the lion it takes place in the fourth year, and the lion lives twenty years; in the cat at eighteen months, and it lives ten or eleven years; lastly, in man it is effected at twenty years of age, and consequently, the limit of his existence is one hundred years—the duration of life in his case, as in that of the animals above named, being just

\* *A Short Treatise on the Stave*. By John Hullah, Professor of Vocal Music in King's College, and in Queen's College, London.

\* *De la Longévité humaine, et de la quantité de vie sur le globe*. Par P. Flourens, Membre de l'Académie Française, et Secrétaire Perpétuel de l'Académie des Sciences (Institut de France); Membre des Sociétés Royales de Londres, &c.; Professeur de Physiologie Comparée au Musée d'Histoire Naturelle de Paris. Deuxième Edition. Paris: Garnier frères. 1855.



five times the number of years that are required to perfect his growth. So much for the normal limit of human existence; and now it remains to be seen whether there is not some way of determining the extreme term to which life may attain. Haller, we find, cites two examples of men who had lived respectively one hundred and fifty-two and one hundred and sixty-nine years, and on these instances the celebrated physiologist founds his opinion that two centuries may be looked upon as the extreme limit of life. Buffon also mentions the case of a horse which lived fifty years, and from these facts M. Flourens considers it sufficiently evident that the extraordinary limit of life is just twice the length of the ordinary term.

From the consideration of the total duration of existence, M. Flourens passes on to the duration of its several periods. Here, he remarks, his task becomes more difficult, on account of his having a number of prejudices to overcome—all our ideas as to the natural limits of the different periods of life having been thrown into confusion by a frivolous literature, which, in order to excite a spurious kind of interest in our satiated minds, gives to childhood the passions of youth, and to youth the passions of old age. He then goes on to say that we possess within us two principles—the vital and the thinking principle; and that the first increases up to fifty years of age, after which period it declines; while the second also increases up to fifty years, and during the next twenty or five-and-twenty maintains and perfects itself. M. Flourens is supported in this opinion by Louis Cornaro, who asserts that, in proportion as the physical powers decline, the mind advances towards perfection; and that it was so in his case must be manifest to all who have made themselves acquainted with his biography. The life of man being thus divided into two nearly equal parts, one of growth and the other of decay, M. Flourens subdivides these halves into two other portions, giving us the four distinct stages of life—namely, childhood, youth, maturity, and old age. Not content, however, with this classification, he proceeds to subdivide each of these periods into a first and second period of childhood, two periods of youth, two of maturity, and a first and last stage of old age. He prolongs the first period of childhood up to ten years of age, because it is then that the second dentition terminates; and he extends the period of adolescence to twenty, on account of the development of the bones being by that time completed. The period when youth terminates he fixes at forty, since any augmentation of volume which takes place afterwards in the body is not due to any real organic development, but is merely an accumulation of fat. At forty, commences a third development, which has not hitherto been indicated by physiologists, but which M. Flourens considers to be as clearly marked as the previous developments of length and breadth. It is that interior and important process which goes on in the tissues, and which, by compacting together and strengthening all the different portions of which the body is composed, contributes to render the entire organism more complete. This last process, which M. Flourens terms the process of invigoration, takes place between the ages of forty and fifty-five, and is afterwards maintained at the point at which it has arrived up to sixty-five or seventy years, when old age, properly so called, may be said to commence—the sign by which it may be known being a progressive diminution of what physiologists style forces in reserve. For we have at our command two kinds of force, *vires in posse et vires in actu*, and as long as an old man only makes use of the latter, he does not perceive that he has lost any of his former strength; but the instant that he passes these limits, he finds himself fatigued and exhausted on account of his no longer possessing any of the hidden resources—the forces in reserve—on which, during the prior stages of his life, he had been accustomed to draw with impunity.

We have now to inquire what are the rules we must observe if we would reach the normal limit of life assigned to us by M. Flourens. They are but few in number and very simple, and are thus laid down by M. Revellé-Parise. We prefer to give them in the original.

The first is, "*savoir être vieux.*"

The second, "*de se bien connaître soi-même.*"

The third, "*de disposer convenablement la vie habituelle.*"

The fourth, "*de combattre toute maladie dès son origine.*"

If we will but adhere strictly to these rules, we may have good reason to hope, M. Flourens assures us, that we shall live as long as the particular constitution of each individual, combined with the general laws of the constitution of the species, will permit us to expect.

That old age need not be a period to contemplate with dread, that it is not necessarily a state full of labour and sorrow, M. Flourens believes to be clearly enough manifested in the lives of Cornaro and his disciple Lessius—a man with a constitution even more delicate than that of Cornaro, but who, by leading a regular, sober, and unanxious life, was, like his master, rewarded with a long and peaceful old age. There is no one, says M. Flourens, who has not read the treatise of Cicero on old age—that book of which Montaigne said, "*Il donne appétit de vieillir.*" but whilst Cicero persuades because he writes with the hand of a master and under the inspiration of a noble system of philosophy, Cornaro persuades because he himself had lived a hundred years, and to the last was always full of life, ever cheerful, always glad to live. Here the fact impresses more than the book. The moral aspect, continues M. Flourens, is

the finest aspect of old age. We cannot grow in years without the physical portion suffering decay, but when we consider what we gain as regards moral power, it is a noble compensation, indeed:—

A century of ordinary life (concludes our author), and nearly a second century, half a century at any rate, of extraordinary life, such is the prospect which science offers to man. It is very true, that, to speak after the manner of the ancients, science offers us this great fund of life more in power than in actuality, *plus in posse quam in actu*; but even were it possible to bestow it upon us in reality, would men be satisfied? "Begin by telling me," said Micromégas, "how many senses the inhabitants of your globe possess?" "We have seventy-two," answered the inhabitant of Saturn, "and we complain every day because we have so few." "I believe it," answered Micromégas, "for on our globe we have nearly a thousand; and yet, in spite of this, we still feel a sort of vague desire," &c. &c.

We have not space here to discuss further M. Flourens's theory, or to inquire whether he has not pushed it to greater lengths than the facts on which he has based it will admit. That there is something valuable in some of the conclusions which he deduces from the period at which the bones are united to their epiphyses, we are ready to allow, but we must confess that we do not think he makes a perfectly clear case for certain phenomena connected with it; and with regard to the period of gestation, as determined by that of growth, it seems to us that his system breaks down in more than one very important point.

It is not, however, of longevity alone that M. Flourens treats. After having considered the duration of life, he proceeds to discuss the question of the quantity of life on the globe, indulging in many fanciful speculations on the subject, and setting up hypotheses, some of which are absurd, and others utterly untenable. We shall therefore content ourselves with simply giving our readers, by an enumeration of the laws which he professes to have deduced from his researches, some little idea of the manner in which he treats the subject:—

Every new question reveals to us a new aspect of things, and great things ought to be viewed under all their aspects. . . . The study of the quantity of life upon the globe has given us three laws as beautiful as they are simple. The first, that since life first made its appearance on the globe the number of species has been constantly undergoing diminution; the second, that in proportion as certain species have disappeared, the number of individuals in the remaining species has increased; the third, that in proportion as the empire of man has made itself sensibly felt, the superior species have come to predominate over the inferior.

We do not mean to assert that there are not some things worthy of attention in what M. Flourens has to say on these subjects. But, as is the case with all new theories, there is so much of rubbish to be cleared away that the residuum of good which is left behind is small indeed, and in its present state almost useless, except as a starting point for further investigations, which we would fain hope may result at last in valuable discoveries.

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